Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1878. NUMBER 48.

ANOTHER GREAT

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

AT THE EBENSBURG

Hardware & House-Furnishing Store.

OWING to the large increase in my sales since the last reduction in prices and the adoption of the cash system, I find myself able to benefit my customers by a still further reduction in the prices of all goods comprised in my large stock.

JUST THINK OF IT!

A good No. 9 Cook Stove, trimmed complete, for only $20.00.
Good Roasted Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.; best do. at 22 cts. per lb. No inferior or damaged coffee sold at this store.
Good Heating Stoves as low as $4.00.
Good Tea from 30 to 80 cts. per lb.
The largest stock of Floor Oil Cloth in the county, from 1 to 2 yds. wide and from 35 to 70 cts. per yard.
Best quality English Anvils at 15 cts. per lb.
Needles at 5 cts. per paper.
Good cast steel Table Knives and Forks as low as 50 cts. per set.
Pins at 5 cts. per paper.
Best quality Blacksmith Vises at 15c. per lb.
Good Syrup Molasses at from 40 to 70 cts. per gallon.
Good Door Locks and Knobs complete, as low as 25 cts. each.
Good Cotton Thread at 4 cts. a spool.
Best quality 12 inch Mill Saw Files at 40 cts. each.
Good Rice at 8 cts. per lb.
Best quality Sole Leather at 25 to 30 cts. per lb.
Double-bitted Axes at $1.05 and upward.
Largest stock of Stair Oil Cloths in the county, at 12½ cts. per yd.
4 doz. hard wood (turned head) Clothes Pins for 10 cts.
Clark's O. N. T. Machine Cotton at 5 cts. per spool.
Good long handle cast steel Shovels for 90 cts. each.
Good zinc Wash Boards for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Looking Glasses in town, very low.
Washing Soda at 4 cts. per lb.
Best quality four-tined Manure Forks at 55 cts. each.
Good Coal Shovels, 7, 10, 15 and 20 cts. each.
Pearl Starch 6 cts. per lb.
I have the largest stock of Queensware in town, at very low prices.
Best Baking Soda at 8 cts. per lb.
Diston's best quality 6½ foot Cross-Cut Saws, at $3.50.
I have the largest stock of Spices in town, very low.
Good Door Latches as low as 7 cts. each.
Large stock of Table and Bed Castors at lowest rates.
Good Flour at $4.35 per sack.
Largest stock of Glassware and Lamps in town, very low.
A No. 1 Furniture Varnish at $1.40 per gal.
Good Corset Steels at 6 cts. a pair.
Over 100 lengths and sizes Tire and Carriage Bolts kept in stock, very low.
Best Tobacco in the market, at 65 cts. per lb.
200 kegs Nails now in stock, $2.60 per keg, selected and made of best muck iron. No inferior or scrap iron nails kept in stock.
I have the best Cigars in town for the money.
Over 80 sizes of Window Glass kept in stock, very low prices.
Large stock of Bar Iron and Horse Shoes always on hand, at low rates.
Good fine Gum Combs at 6 cts. each.
Large stock of Table Oil Cloths on hand, very low.
Best Linseed Oil, direct from Factory, at 70 cts. per gal.
Dupont's best F. F. F. Rifle Powder, 40 cts. p. lb.
Drop Shot at 10 cts. per lb.
Best Green Coffee at 22 cts. per lb.
Galvanized Coal Buckets as low as 60 cts. each.
Good Green Coffee at 27 cts. per lb.
Best pure White Lead at $2.10 to $2.20 per keg of 25 lbs.
Stove Pipe, made of the best iron, reduced to 8 cts. per lb.
A large assortment of Tinware on hand, very cheap.
12 papers Essence of Coffee for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Trunks and Valises in town, very cheap.
A large assortment of Wall Paper always on hand at lowest prices.
Paper Window Shades at 35 cts. per roll.
Toilet and Washing Soaps in endless variety.
Cook Stoves from $5.00 up to $35.00.
Large assortment of Hair, Clothes and Tooth Brushes.
Heating Stoves from $1.00 up to $35.00; very cheap.
Extra No. 1 Salt, $1.65 per barrel.
Revolvers, five and seven shots, the largest stock from $1.50 up to $10.00.
Best Carbon Oil at 15 cts. per gal.

The above are only a few of the thousands of articles in the hardware and house-furnishing line which I am furnishing at equally low prices. I don't advertise to sell at 20 per cent. cheaper, or indeed any cheaper, than other merchants, as I think is better to let the public judge for themselves, but I do advertise to sell goods as low as they can be sold and pay one hundred cents on the dollar. Neither will I throw out a good staple article of goods over the counter at first cost, or even less, and then charge two or three profits on something else to make up for the loss. Yet it will be my endeavor to sell goods at the lowest living profit, and I promise this because I know that I can furnish goods at prices that will be beneficial to both seller and buyer, and not at prices which would benefit one and ruin the other.

☞ Thanking you all for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon me, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, I remain

Respectfully yours,
GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 29, 1878.

ADJOURNED ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of an *alias* order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, will offer at public sale, at Hinn's Hall, in Carrolltown borough,

SATURDAY, December 28, 1878,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

A THAT PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

as the Joseph Gantner Farm, situated in Carroll township, in said county of Cambria, adjoining lands of James Douglass, Sebastian Schoerlitus Pfister, and others, containing One Hundred and Fifty-two Acres, more or less, of which are cleared, the balance being well covered with rail and other hard timber. This one of the best located Farms in Carroll township, and has thereon erected a two story DOUBLE PLANK DWELLING HOUSE, containing rooms, a BANK BARN, and all necessary Outbuildings. There is also a thriving Orchard on the premises, which also abounds in plenty of pure water on the premises, which is not only in a good state of cultivation and under fence, but is well supplied with coal, iron ore and fire clay, and is but a stone's throw of a steam saw mill and a public school house, and not more than two miles from the borough. *This is indeed a splendid chance for investment.*

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one third in one year thereafter, the balance in two years from the confirmation of sale—deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

THOMAS EGER,
Assignee of Joseph Gantner.

Nov. 22, 1878.

FARM AND IN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale his valuable FARM in Cambria county, formerly known as the property of Christian Bucke, dec'd, containing 111 Acres and allowance, about 100 of which are cleared, under fence, and in a considerable state of cultivation, with plenty of pure water in nearly every field.—The improvements consist of a Frame House 32x36, a Frame Barn 50x72, a Wood Shed, and other needful buildings. The property will be sold altogether or in parts, as purchasers may desire.

ALSO, A HOUSE AND LOT in Carrolltown borough, opposite the Lawrence Hotel, now in the occupancy of Mr. Leonhard Sier and others. Said House is a two-story plank building, 55 feet front and 26 feet back, and is in good condition. There is also a good Stable and other buildings on the premises, as well as a choice apple and various other fruit trees.

Any reasonable offer for either or both of the above properties will be accepted. Now is the time to buy a farm or a home in town at a great bargain.

LOUIS A. BUCK.

Carroll Twp., Nov. 22, 1878.—3m.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [1-21, '76.-tf.]

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's Heavy Undershirts at.....25c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's Heavy Drawers at.....25c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
All-wool Red Flannel Suits at.....$2.50.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Good Flannel, per yard, at.....12½c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Heavy Red Flannel at.....20c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
A Bargain in Canton Flannel at.....8c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's Heavy Gum Boots at.....$2.50

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's Heavy Overshoes at.....50c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's Cloth Overshoes, a bargain, at 90c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
The very best Corset for the price 50c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Ladies' Merino Vests, good quality....50c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Ladies' Plaid Shawls, black and white, all wool, at $3.00.

A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Good Green Coffee, 7 lbs. for..$1.00.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Best Roasted Coffee, 5 lbs. for.....$1.00.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Ten boxes Essence Coffee for.....25c.

A. BARKER & SON OFFER
A splendid Syrup, heavy body, at 6 lbs. Best in the county for the money.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Another great bargain in Syrup at....50c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
A good dark Syrup at.....40c.

A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's Kid Gloves, fur-top, at.....75c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's Cloth Back Gloves at.....50c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Heavy Buck Gauntlets, big bargain, $1.00.

A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Best Dried Peaches, per lb.....9c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Good Dried Peaches, per lb.....8c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Best Dried Currants, per lb.....8c.

A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's Boots, heavy and strong, at $2.00

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Ladies' heavy Morocco Shoes at 1.00

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Children's Buttoned Shoes at.....50c.

A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Superior Flour, full w't, per sack $1.20.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Pure uncolored Japan Tea, per lb., at...75c.
Best in town.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Good Tea as low as.....50c.

A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Clark's O. N. T. Thread, per doz...60c.
All numbers.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Good hand-sewing Thread, per doz....30c.
All colors.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Best Needles and Pins, per paper.....5c.

A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Good Overcoats at prices from $5 up.
Best assortment in town.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Men's and Boys' Winter Caps from 25c up.
Largest and best assortment.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER
Ladies' Dress Goods from.....10c. up.
Great bargains in all kind Dry Goods.

IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY!

GOODS AT COST

For the Ready Cash.

JOHN LLOYD & CO. will during the month of December offer their entire stock of merchandise at **actual cost for cash.**

DRY GOODS (all kind) AT COST!
BOOTS and SHOES AT COST!
CLOTHING AT COST!
HATS AT COST!

Everything at Cost!

☞ As we intend hereafter to do a strictly cash business, we give our customers this best and only chance to buy at prices never before heard of in Ebensburg. Now's the time for bargains, but remember that it requires cash to secure them; so don't waste your breath asking for credit.

JOHN LLOYD & CO.

Ebensburg, Nov. 29, 1878.-4t.

Thomas Byrne,
—WITH—
M. BYRNE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Pure Rye and Bourbon
WHISKIES
Wines, Brandies, Gins, &c.,
153 Wylie Avenue, Cor. Elm Street,
[11-25] PITTSBURGH, PA. [3m.]

J. C. McGINLEY'S
DINING ROOMS!
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.
FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS and SUPPERS served at short notice.
Nov. 22, 1878.-tf.

BEWARE!—Notice is hereby given that I have left in the possession of Anthony Shelber, of Munster township, the following described property, purchased by me at Sheriff's sale. All persons are hereby warned against interfering with the same, to wit: 3 horse, 4 cows, 4 calves, 4 yearlings, 1 carriage, 1 wagon, 2 sets harness, 1 plow, 1 wind-mill, a lot of household and kitchen furniture, 9 tons hay, 6 tons straw, 6 tons corn-fodder, 100 bushels oats, 20 bushels wheat, and all the rye and wheat in the ground, etc.

JOHN H. SHEIBER.

Munster Twp., Dec. 13, 1878.-3t.*

STRAY STALLION.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Munster township, on Monday evening, 21 inst., a black stallion horse, with a small white star in his forehead, heavy mane and tail, and about eight years old. The owner is hereby notified that if he fails to call and reclaim the animal within the specified time by paying all expenses, etc., the law in such cases will be promptly complied with.

SAMUEL O'HARA.

Munster Twp., Dec. 13, 1878.-3t.*

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-21, '76.-tf.]

ROCKET:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

I'll tell you how the Christmas came
To Rocket—no, you never met him,
That is, you never knew his name,
Although 'tis possible you've let him
Display his skill upon your shoes:
A bootblack—Arab, if you choose.

Has inspiration dropped to zero
When such material makes a hero?

And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin,
A gamin, dirty, torn and tattered,
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in
The Bowery gall'ry: there it mattered
But little what the play might be—
Broad farce or point-lace comedy—
He meted out his just applause
By rigid, fixed and proper laws.

A father once he had, no doubt,
A mother on the Island staying,
Which left him free to knock about
And gratify a taste for straying
Through crowded streets. 'Twas there he found
Companionship and grew renowned.
An ash box served him for a bed—
As good at least as Mason rushes—
And for his daily meat and bread,
He earned them with his box and brushes.

An Arab of the city's slums,
With ready tongue and empty pocket,
Unaided left to solve life's sums,
But plucky always—that was Rocket!

II.

'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day
The snow had fallen fine and fast;
In banks and drifted heaps it lay
Along the streets. A piercing blast
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,
And now the stars looked coldly down
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.

Ah, well it is if Christmas brings
Good-will and peace which poet sings.
How full spoil the streets to-night!
With happy faces flushed and bright,
The matron in her silks and furs,
The pompous baffler, fat and sleek,
The idle, well fed loiterers,
The merchant trim, the churchman meek,
Forgetful now of hate and spite,
For all the world is glad to-night!

All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,
For sorrow throws on some its pall;
And here, within the broad, fair city,
The Christmas time no beauty brings
To those who plead in vain for pity.
To those who cherish but the stings
Of wretchedness and want and woe;
Who never Love's great bounty know,
Whose grief no kindly hands assuage,
Whose misery mocks our Christian age.
Pray ask yourself what means to them
That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

But Rocket? On this Christmas eve
You might have seen him standing where
The city's streets no interweave
They form that somewhat famous square
Called Printing House. His face was bright,
And at this gala, festive season
You could not find a heart more light.
I'll tell you in a word the reason:
By dint of patient toil in shining
Patrician shoes and Wall street boots,
He had, within his jacket's lining,
A dollar and a half—the fruits
Of pinching, saving, and a trial
Of really Spartan self-denial.

That dollar and a half was more
Than Rocket ever owned before.
A princely fortune, so he thought,
And with those hoarded dimes and nickels
What Christmas pleasures may be bought!
A dollar and a half! it tickles
The boy to say it over, musing
Upon the money's proper using;

"I'll go a'gobbler, leg and breast,
With cranberry sauce and 'taters nice,
And pie, mince pie, the very best,
And puddin'—say a double slice!
And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze,
With coffee—guess that ore's the cheese!
And after coffee I'll go to see
The 'Seven Goblins of Dundee.'
If this yere Christmas ain't a blister
I'll let yer rip my Sunday duster!"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,
Clutching his money with grasp yet tighter,
And humming the air of a rollicking song.
With a heart as light as his clothes—or lighter.
Through Centre street he makes his way,
When just as he turns the corner of Pearl,
He hears a voice cry it in shrinking,
And sees before him a slender girl,
As ragged and tattered in dress as he,
With hand stretched forth for charity.

In the street light's fitful and flickering glare
He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinched face,
So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair,
With a lingering touch of childhood's grace
On the delicate features. Her head was bare,
And over her shoulders disordered there hung
A mass of tangled nut-brown hair.
In misery old as in years she was young.
She gazed in his face. And, oh! for the eyes—
The big, blue, sorrowful, hungry eyes—
That were fixed in a desperate, frightened stare!

Hundreds have jostled her by to-night—
The rich, the great, the proud and the wise,
Hurrying on to the north and light
Of happy homes—they have weighed her by,
And the only one who has heard her cry,
Or, hearing, has felt his heartstrings stirred,
Is Rocket—this youngster of coarser clay,
This gamin, who never so much as heard
The beautiful story of Him who lay
In the manger of old on Christmas day!
With artless pathos and simple speech,
She stands and tells him her pitiful tale;
Ah, well if those who pray and preach
Could catch an echo of that sad wail.
She tells of the terrible battle for bread,
Tells of a father brutal with crime,
Tells of a mother lying dead,
At this the gala Christmas time;
Then adds, gazing up at the starlit sky:
"I'm hungry and cold and I wish I could die!"

What is it trickles down the cheek
Of Rocket—can it be a tear?
He stands at first as though he does not speak;
He rubbles an arm of that great size
Which Christmas was to bring; he sees
Visions of turkey, steaming pies,
The play-bills—then, in place of these,
The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes;
One mighty effort gulping down
The disappointment in his breast,
A quivering of the lip, a frown,
And then, while Pity pleads her best,
He snatches forth his cherished hoard,
And gives it to her like a lord!

"Here, freeze to that; I'm flush, you see,
And then you needs it more than me!"
With that he turns and walks away,
So fast the girl can nothing say,
So fast he does not hear the prayer
That sanctifies the winter air,
But he who blessed the widow's mite
Looked down and smiled upon the sight.

III.

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,
No ticket for the matinee,
All dreary and desolate and murky,
In truth, a very dismal day;
With dinner on a crust of bread,
And not a penny in his pocket,
A friendly ash box for a bed—
Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket.
And yet—in here's the strangest thing—
As best befits the festive season,
The boy was happy as a king—
I wonder can you guess the reason?

VANDYKE BROWN.

A TALE OF THREE YULE-TIDES;

BEING A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS REVELATIONS TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Tell you a story? I believe, little Amy, you could coax a Christmas story from even the giant Blunderbore, who, as you know, was rather a cheerless and uncivil fellow. So settle yourself in my lap—don't be afraid to hug me too close—and listen.

Being by this time well aware of the exact number of watch charms in my possession, you are surely much troubled to find out why of late I carry about a many-dinted old Roman coin, in preference to a large stone mounted in gold, or a little Chinese idol, or even a gold dollar, with the whole Declaration of Independence stamped on one side. You must understand, as you are a sad little flirt, that ornaments of the latter sort are much affected by your many gentleman acquaintances. Let me account for my strange behavior. As the coin hangs from my watch chain, so by the coin hangs a tale which runs after this fashion:

It is now some fourteen years since I was living in Rome. I was only a very young and inexperienced artist then you know; and I didn't wear such an immense beard and whiskers as are now coquetting with your dear golden curls. And what is more, I was not so extravagantly wealthy in those days as you suppose me to be, now that I am your Uncle Coventry and am able to daily extract a few pennies from my pocket, to be instantly converted by you into tarts at the nearest baker's shop. You will believe, then, that I was rather well pleased than otherwise when a beautiful lady, all dressed with silks and satins and blazing with jewels, rustled into my humble studio, one Ere September morning. Was she a fairy princess? Oh, no: not quite. But she did there and then inquire whether I would be willing to paint a portrait of her four-year-old daughter, Bianca, which she intended as a Christmas present for the little dear's grandmother. I should have informed you that Bianca was present also, and had quickly interested herself among my brightest pictures. What sort of a little girl was she? Well, in due gallantry and with allowances for the difference of climate, I must not say that she was prettier than you or that her hair was a trifle more shining. I took her offer immediately, and it was arranged that Bianca should visit my studio three or four times a week, in company with her mother or nurse or uncle, and sit as still as a church mouse for ten minutes, which latter was a matter of dreadful vexation to her, as it would be to you also, Miss Amy. Bianca and myself became firm friends, although she would pout and pretend to be awfully mad with me when I would insist upon her keeping a sober face for a second together, or stop tormenting the whiskers and soul of an ancient cat, who was the partner of my joys and sorrows. She was born in Venice, where most of the golden-haired, blue eyed children of Italy come from. Her mother owned a whole village in the province of Venice, and her father, who had been a great man at Rome, was long since dead.

One day my lovely little model, "my Bianca," as I used to call her—(don't pull my beard so hard; I verily believe you are jealous, little Amy)—one day Bianca came to my studio with her uncle, Count Luigi, whom I then beheld for the first time. He was the brother-in-law of the contessa.—Was he much like me? I hope not. You shouldn't like him for an uncle at all; and I am certain Bianca did not. He was tall and dark and mysterious, and his yellow face was decorated by a pair of black, fiery eyes, that were entirely too near to be honest; likewise by a hooked nose, and a coal black mustache, the ends of which were continually finding their way between his beautiful white teeth. Uncle Luigi seemed to me vastly like one of the ogres, magicians, or wicked knights addicted to stealing, pretty maids from their castle boudoirs, of whom you have read a good deal in your books. I did not admire this gentleman from the first; and our meeting was pretty much the same as the distant acquaintance of two icebergs. I am not quite sure that Bianca's mother liked him; but she appeared to be too weak and easily managed to express her want of affection for him.

My picture progressed famously, and—(paint a picture of you? Certainly, my love. We will have it ready for your next birthday)—and when the first week of December closed I had delivered my picture to the Contessa di Casabianca, receiving in exchange a check on a Roman bank for a most agreeable sum of money. The portrait was to be taken to Venice, and duly presented to the grandmother on Christmas day. It represented Bianca smiling, and dressed in a low necked silk gown, with a necklace of pearls round her throat. From the necklace hung this same old Roman coin, which her papa had picked up under the walls of Rome. Some Roman, maybe Julius Cæsar, had dropped it there two thousand years ago.

The contessa had promised to pay me a farewell visit before departing for the north of Italy. The appointed day had arrived, and I had gone to the extravagance of donning an entirely new suit of clothes to receive and entertain my guests. I waited and fidgeted; but no visitors. No kind, tender contessa; no angelic Bianca; no perfidious looking uncle appeared. When the night set in, I felt angry and disgusted, little Amy, because I thought my Venetian acquaintances had left Rome, forgetful of me. The following morning I went to the dwelling of the contessa to discover whatever I could concerning her departure. Judge of my surprise on learning that the lady had not yet departed. I was shown into the drawing room by a servant on whose face I detected the signs of some trouble; and I waited for the rustle of the contessa's dress in the doorway. But this was not to be. In her place came Bianca's nurse, pale and with eyes but newly dried from weeping. Sinking into a chair she almost sobbed to me the following words:

"Oh! Signor Pembroke, the contessa is in agony. We were going to see you yesterday, when the contessa asked for Bianca. She had been playing on the steps but a minute before, and then it was impossible to find her. The house, the garden, the streets, all have been searched; but in vain. We cannot find my little Bianca. Some one has stolen her away. And my mistress!—she will surely die!"

Nothing beyond this could I discover from any one. Bianca had disappeared as completely and hopelessly as though the earth had opened and swallowed her. It was not proper for me to intrude my presence upon the great grief of the contessa's household. I sadly withdrew, full of anxiety for the sweet child, whom I had learned to love.

No effort was spared by the contessa and the Roman police, and apparently by Count Luigi, to recover the lost Bianca. But the attempts were utterly useless; and the mother, sick at heart, returned to her home, taking with her my picture, which cruel fate seemed to have transformed from a Christmas present to a sacred memento of an angel forever flown.

"Now don't interrupt me. I have not finished yet. I am going to relate a rather odd incident that happened before the time of Bianca's disappearance. Late one night I was crossing the bridge of Sant' Angelo, which spans the Tiber. I was thinking over the finishing touches to my child picture, when I suddenly became aware of a boat passing under me. Prompted by curiosity, I leaned over the battlements of the bridge and listened. A man was standing in the boat, speaking and gesticulating to the rowers. I saw him clearly in the full moonlight, and I was almost sure that he was the Count Luigi. Only a few words could I catch from the speakers, and they were these, spoken by the rough voice of some low rascal of the Roman popalace:

"*In tre settimane la bambina sera*"——
(in three weeks the little girl shall be——)

The rest of the sentence I could not hear; but the words were enough to excite a strong suspicion in my mind, when I connected them with Bianca's disappearance. Could the man have really been the Count Luigi? I dared not reveal to any one what my mind suggested—namely, that Bianca had actually been made away with by her uncle, bargained into the hands of a parcel of scoundrels. How could I prove it?—What reason could I give for his committing such a crime? Moreover, he was a powerful man at Rome, and could make the place exceedingly uncomfortable for me if his anger were once raised against me. Confident that our Divine Father would in the end unravel the terrible mystery I betook myself to my painting again. The generous contessa had not only paid me far beyond what my toil deserved, but had recommended me to the great families at Rome. I suppose I could paint tolerably well then, and my patronage increased daily.

Seven years passed on, my Amy, and your uncle had in that time become such a grand artist and earned so much money that he thought he would come over the water to his old home in New York. Accordingly, I hired my little studio down town and commenced business at once. I did not have very long to wait for patrons. A gentleman called in one October day and conversed with me about a picture he wanted painted to order for his art gallery.

"I hear you are from Rome," said he. "You must be a great painter. I want you to make me a picture of a child who has woke up on Christmas morning and found her stockings crammed with good things. And mind you, the child must be very beautiful."

"All right," said I. "Call on Monday and I shall have my sketch ready for you."

You know artists most generally have models for such pictures. Hence I set myself to work to secure one; but I found this was a difficult job. Now, if you had been a young lady then, I should have certainly have you sit for my painting. But my model came from an entirely unexpected quarter. I had left my studio one evening, and was walking up town through an out-of-the-way street, when I heard the music of a harp and violin, just as they sound when the Italian players come under your window to drive you crazy with their awful performances. On drawing nearer, I discovered a dark-complexioned and handsome Italian boy twanging an accompaniment on his harp to an outlandish song, and near him a young girl airily and delicately drawing her bow across a battered fiddle. Seeing me, she stopped, approached, and, holding out her hand pitedusly, said:

"Oh! mister, gif a poor girl a few pennies. The padrone will be beat us if we go back without money; and we have had nothing to eat. Oh! mister, do please!"

I was touched, and the pennies so dearly needed quickly came forth. The girl was uncommonly beautiful, I thought, for a street-waif. She had yellow hair, partly hidden in an old pink muffler, and sweet wide blue eyes, and such a nose, mouth and dimpled chin—all like yours, my love. Her face was tanned a little by the sun of many days in the pitiless streets. Her attire was a many-patched cotton dress, of no particular color; and her feet were covered by great clumsy shoes, such as our grocery boy wears. How old was she? I should say about ten or eleven, and her male escort was certainly not much older. As I stood looking at her, the thought struck me that I ought to take her as my model.

"Come here," said I to her. "Why do you live with the padrone (don't interrupt me again, miss. I will tell you shortly what a padrone is), when he beats you?"

"I have no other home," the poor girl replied. "The police would take me if I slept in the streets, and maybe shut me up forever."

"Wouldn't you like to go to a nicer home, and have plenty to eat and decent clothes, and get paid for easy work?"

"Oh! sir," she almost sobbed, as if the happiness I spoke of were too great to think of.

"Listen," I continued. "If you will leave the padrone, I will get you a comfortable place to live in, with a nice old lady to take care of you."

"But I won't leave Jiacomo. He is good to me: He gives me half his bread when I am very hungry."

"Will you come with me if Jiacomo comes?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then step this way, Jiacomo," I said to him. "How would you like to leave the padrone, and to live with people who will take care of you? You will have work to do and be well paid."

Jiacomo took off his hat, and, smilingly looking me in the face with good natured, honest eyes, replied: "You are too good, sir. I would like to go, if she may come with me; but if the padrone ever catches us he will kill us both."

"Have no fear of the padrone," I said. "If he makes any trouble, we will have him arrested and put into prison."

This bold declaration of mine settled the matter, and I had little further trouble in persuading them to accompany me to my studio, where I intended to have them stay for the time being. They must have thought that I was the city governor, or at least a police captain. Fancy your grave and decorous Uncle Coventry marching down Broadway at night fall, followed by a couple of delighted mountebanks. The janitor of the building in which my studio was located must have thought I had gone raving mad, and he greeted me with a look of blank surprise when I appeared at his doorway, with my extraordinary companions. "Now, then, sir," said I to him, "be spry, and run up stairs and build a roaring fire in my grate, and then, sir, prepare a hearty supper for the famished children." The musical instruments of my two friends were deposited in one corner of my studio, and in a very short time the children were seated before such a supper as they had conceived of only in blissful dreams. I next bade the janitor's wife provide them with comfortable beds. When I was preparing to leave, the happy children wished to kiss me; and I graciously agreed, promising them they should see me early in the morning.

Now, while they are supposed to be asleep, I shall tell you what you seem dying to know—namely, what a padrone is. He is an old cutmudgeon, who receives stolen children from Italy, and makes them go out into the street to beg, or play, or steal—usually all three. And if they do not obtain money in some way, he beats them and packs them off to bed supperless. What do you think of that, little girl?

But about my street acquaintances: It was decided upon next day that Jiacomo should keep my studio in order, while his companion would sit for my Christmas picture. The pair were placed in charge of my janitor's wife, with the strictest commands that due care should be taken, lest they might again fall into the hands of the padrone. In order to make my model as happy looking as possible, I provided her with a box of bon bons, and seated her on a beautiful rug, amidst the rare and curious little objects of my studio. Yes, I shall bring you to my studio some day, only you must promise not to put things into a too hopeless confusion. I was showing her how to pose, when, suddenly, as if some long forgotten thought flitted across her mind, she said quickly:

"Oh! I knew how to sit, sir. I had my picture taken before—many, many years ago."

"Indeed!" I replied. "How was that?"

"In—in Rome; when I was a bambins, before my mamma died. The men said she was dead. Then I came to live with the padrone. It was many days before I came here. We had to sail on the water in a ship. Oh! ever so large a ship!"

"And what is your name?" I asked.

"The padrone calls me Carmen—Carmen Tortolant."

It was the common story, I thought, of a child, an orphan, taken from Italy to a hard life in America. I could not gather any more knowledge of her earlier life from Jiacomo, who was standing by. I turned to my paper, to commence sketching her, when it occurred to me that a necklace would look pretty on little Carmen. I stepped to a cabinet, saying:

"I am going to give you a necklace, Carmen. One of bright beads."

"Oh! How nice! But, see, I have an old one. Only an ugly penny tied to a string."

She removed it from her neck. I had not noticed it before, and, carelessly took it in my hand. Never was I so surprised in my life. The penny, as she called it, was actually the same coin that now hangs from my watch chain, the same that my early friend, Biancad Casabianca had worn.

"Where on earth did you get this?" I cried, hardly able to stand still with excitement.

"I always wore it, sir."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Carmen. But I know they used to call me Bianca when I was a baby."

"And do you recollect your mamma's name?"

"I only called her mamma, sir. I don't know that she had any other name."

"Do you, perhaps, remember the name of the artist who painted your picure?"

"I don't think I do. It was—like—Pem—"

"Pembroke, perhaps?"

"Yes! yes! Pembroke! Signor Pembroke!"

My street-waif then was none other than Bianca di Casabianca! I caught the little girl to my heart and kissed her, saying: "I am Signor Pembroke. Do you know me?"

"I think I have heard your voice long ago; but your whiskers are so great."

I asked her a few more questions, and her answers more clearly proved her to be the Bianca of my first artist day or days.—But I could extract nothing from her to certify my suspicions of her Uncle Luigi. Although overjoyed to be the means of rescuing her from the cruelest of lives, I was now seriously troubled by the thought that Bianca's mother had, perhaps, died in the seven years that had elapsed since the beginning of my story. At any rate, I determined to write to her address in Lombardy and take the steps necessary to have Bianca returned to her family. I bade my model play to her heart's content, and rummaging in my desk for the contessa's address, I found it, and before nightfall I had dispatched a long letter to Italy.

I did not explain matters fully to Bianca, preferring to await the results of my letter to her mother. Weeks passed quickly by and my picture was on the verge of being completed. Bianca's face was losing more and more of its tan and Jiacomo had become quite a fashionable young gentleman and was showing a marvelous taste for drawing. One morning, a few days before Christmas, there was a great commotion on my stairway. I opened the door, and, as I live, there was Bianca in her mother's arms, and the pair hugging and kissing each other and crying as though they would never stop! I retreated very quickly, my Amy and your Uncle Coventry was actually weeping too. Just think of it! Coventry Pembroke, artist, in tears! And I believe there wasn't a dry eye in the whole building when all the artists knew what had transpired.

In a little while the contessa came into my studio. I kissed her hand and bore myself like a hero. Never was three people so happy.

Many explanations followed. I inquired after the health of Count Luigi—out of pure friendliness, you know.

"Luigi is in prison," said the contessa.

"Indeed!" I burst out. "I thought he would arrive there some time."

"He was convicted of being concerned in a conspiracy against the government.—At the time of his trial three Roman desperadoes, who were being tried for heavy crimes in the same court, testified to a previous crime which he had hired them to perform. And you would not think what this crime was."

I had my idea, but remained silent.

"He had contracted with them," continued the contessa, "to steal Bianca from me and hide her forever from the world.—My husband's will declared that, if I died childless and without marrying again, my brother in law, Luigi, would come into my whole fortune. Bianca being my sole heir, the count calculated upon acquiring my wealth when he should have removed her from his path."

Here was the mystery solved at last. I straightway confessed my early opinions of the Count Luigi to the contessa, and like wise the story of the incident at the bridge of Sant' Angelo. From thoughts of the perfidy of this man, we turned to thank heaven for having thus marvelously outwitted his schemes. Had it not been for this ancient coin, whose seeming uselessness had preserved it from the greediness of Bianca's captors, a mother and daughter had died unhappy and far from each other's arms. So ends the story of the second Christmas, which brings us up to the present.

And what became of Bianca and Jiacomo? Well, I have a letter in my desk from Bianca, who returned with her mother to Venice, informing me that the contessa had blessed her marriage engagement with Jiacomo. She inclosed the coin, saying that, as it was the cause of all her happiness, it was the dearest souvenir she could give me. Jiacomo went to Rome some years ago and is rapidly turning out to be a great artist—greater even than your Uncle Coventry. I believe that contessa defrayed the expense of his preparatory education, and she is doubtless even now helping him on. And he deserves it; for he is a real genius, and has noble blood in his veins.

Now, don't ask me to detail the private history of the padrone and the desperadoes. You are positively drowsy, and I want to smoke. I think you had better go to bed, as Santa Claus has insurmountable objections to filling young people's stockings while they are yet awake.

INGENUITY OF FRAUD.—We find the following in Francis' History of the Bank of England:

In 1780 a gentleman of eminence in the mercantile world was grieved by the contents of a letter which he received from a correspondent at Hamburg, which mark it bore. From the statement it contained, it appeared that a person, most minutely described, had defrauded the writer, under extraordinary circumstances, of £3,000. The letter continued to say, information had been obtained that the dress and person of whom it described was occasionally to be seen at the Dutch Walk of the Royal Exchange. The object of the writer was to inform his correspondent to invite the party to dinner, and by any moral force which could be used compel him to return the money; adding, that if he should be found amenable to reason, and evince any signs of repentance, he might be dismissed with a friendly caution and £800, as he was a near relative of the writer. As the gentleman whose name it bore was a profitable correspondent, the London merchant kept a keen watch on the Dutch Walk, and was at last successful in meeting and being introduced to the cheat. The invitation to dine was accepted, and the host having previously given notice to his family to quit the table soon after dinner, acquainted the visitor with his knowledge of the fraud. Alarm and horror were depicted in the countenance of the young man, who, with tones apparently tremulous from emotion, begged his disgrace might not be made public. To this the merchant consented, provided the £3,000 were returned. The visitor sighed deeply, but said that to return all was impossible, as he had unfortunately spent part of the amount. The remainder, however, he proposed to yield instantly, and the notes were handed to the merchant, who, after dilating on the goodness of the man he had robbed, concluded his moral lesson by handing him a check for £500 as a proof of his beneficence. The following morning the gentleman went to the banker to deposit the money he had received, when, to his great surprise, he was told that the notes were counterfeit. His next inquiries were concerning the check, but that had been cashed shortly after the opening of the bank. He immediately sent an express to his Hamburg correspondent, who replied that the letter was a forgery, and that no fraud had been committed upon him. The whole affair had been plotted by a gang, some of whom were on the Continent and some in England.

A WHISTLING CORPSE.—Science explains some things which for the sake of bereaved humanity were best left unexplained. How many mourners who have gone with cherished companions to the entrance of the valley of the shadow, and there parted company with the departing spirits, have derived consolation from the expression of peace—heaven's very impress, as is so often said—settling upon the loved face and seeming to betoken rest and felicity after life's weariness. But science makes it clear that this peaceful expression must come to every lifeless face, for it is the natural effect of the relaxation of the

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - DEC. 27, 1878.

THE Mississippi is closed by ice from St. Paul to Cairo.

BOTH Houses of Congress adjourned for the holidays from last Friday until Tuesday, January 7th. A much larger number of the necessary appropriation bills have been reported and passed than was perhaps ever before the case at the end of the first three weeks of the short session, which is highly creditable to the industry of the respective chairmen of the committies having them in charge.

THE speech of Hon. William A. Wallace in the Senate, on Tuesday of last week, on Blaine's resolution, was a very able and conclusive reply to the argument of the Maine Senator, that in the election of Congressmen the vote of *one* white man in the South is equal to the votes of *two* white men in the North and also to his (Blaine's) declaration, that the colored men of the Southern States are not represented in Congress at all. Mr. Wallace's array of facts and figures, based on the disfranchisement of Democrats in the election of members of Congress in Northern and Western Republican States, was not only complete, but utterly demolished Blaine's arrogant denunciation of the inequality of representation as between the two sections. We will try to make room for the speech, or at least the most important portion of it, in the next issue of our paper.

IN the brief debate in the United States Senate last week, on Blaine's resolution for an investigation into alleged frauds and intimidation in Southern elections, the Senators from the "solid South" who participated in it in defence of their States from the assaults made upon them by the blustering bully from Maine, bore themselves with remarkable prudence and self-possession. This was not the result which Blaine anticipated would be produced by his speech, but it is a certain way to disarm a Republican leader like him who is never happy unless he is waging a crusade of calumny against the people of the South. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, in describing the debate, says:

"No disinterested listener could have followed the three days' debate without the conviction forcing itself upon him that the Southern Senators who, one after another, rose to defend their part of the country, were animated by sincere and honorable motives and were speaking the thoughts of their hearts. Now and then a spark was elicited by the heat of debate, but the speeches have been as a rule, marked by admirable self-possession, candor, frankness and logic. And if their testimony, united, explicit and consistent, is to have influence, we must acknowledge that the South has been most unjustly presented and maligned. The attitude of the Southern Senators was that of men who courted investigation and who believed they had nothing to fear from it."

AS SOON as the news of the death, on yesterday week, of Bayard Taylor, United States Minister to Germany, was received in this country, the Republican politicians who compose the Pennsylvania State ring organized a movement in favor of the nomination by Mr. Hayes of John F. Hartranft as his successor. Hartranft will need another office in a few weeks, and is prepared to pick up any good thing in that shape that may offer. It is not pretended that he possesses any of the requisite qualifications for the position, except that it is claimed he can speak German, and his backers believe that Hayes will attach great consideration to that fact. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Hartranft speaks the German language in the proper acceptation of the term, and as it is understood in Europe. He can no doubt converse readily in Montgomery county *Dutch*, or speaking in a more general sense, in Pennsylvania Dutch, but that is as unlike the German which Bayard Taylor used in his official intercourse with Bismarck as a weasel is unlike a whale. If Hartranft should go to Berlin as Minister, and attempt to play one of his sharp diplomatic games on Bismarck in Pennsylvania Dutch, the Prime Minister would understand it about as well as he would the Sioux Ingo of Sitting Bull.

IT has often been said that there are two days in each year to one of which the taxpayers of this State look forward with fear and trembling, and to the other with praise and rejoicing. The first of these days is the one fixed by law for the meeting of the Legislature, and the other is the day appointed for its final adjournment. That the people have a legitimate cause to dread the meeting of the Legislature was well established by the work of the last session, which was as subservient to the rule of the State ring as the most notorious of its predecessors. Its record was one of infamy, and will not soon be forgotten. Next Tuesday week will witness the assembling of the Legislature of 1879. What the harvest will be that will be gathered from its acts and deliberations remains yet to be seen. It would be idle at this time to indulge in any speculations as to the probable length of the session, or the character of the bills that will be brought before it. The strong presumption is that it will not adjourn much inside of a hundred days. There are two reasons why the sessions heretofore have always been prolonged at least one-third beyond the time they ought to have been. One is that each member carries in his pocket a free pass over the Pennsylvan a railroad, which operates as an irresistible inducement to indulge in excursions to other places, and of course to neglect their business. The other and much the stronger reason is the vicious and inexcusable practice of adjourning both houses from Friday at noon until the following Monday evening, which practically reduces the number of working days in a week to three or three and a half. The Democratic members will be expected to make a vigorous effort to abolish this convenient custom, and thereby put themselves on the record as the advocates of the shortest possible session compatible with the public interests.

BLAINE'S proposed investigation into Southern election outrages, judging from the tone of the leading papers of the country, has degenerated into the broadest kind of a farce. When he originally offered his resolution it imposed the work of making the inquiry upon the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, of which Conkling is a member, and as he bears no love towards Blaine he had the resolution amended by referring it for action to a select committee, to consist of nine members. By agreement the Republicans selected *five* of their number to serve on the committee, and the Democrats *four*. By parliamentary usage Blaine was entitled to the chairmanship of the committee, but to the perfect surprise of his party friends in the Senate he stubbornly refused to accept it. Blaine put the kettle over the fire, but would not consent to boil the porridge, nor would any of the other leading Republican Senators agree to take charge of his bantling. After several conferences on the subject and as many failures, the following named five Republican Senators consented to act rather than see the whole affair end in disgraceful failure, viz: Teller, of Colorado, chairman; Hoar, of Massachusetts; Cameron, of Wisconsin; McMillan, of Minnesota, and Kirkwood, of Iowa. The Democrats promptly selected the four following named Senators to represent them on the committee, viz: Bayard, of Delaware; Wallace, of Pennsylvania; Garland, of Arkansas, and Baily, of Tennessee.

The unexplained refusal of Blaine to take charge of his own resolution by acting as chairman of the committee, shows that he is sick of the matter, and has lost confidence in the movement so far as results are concerned, even before the investigation has actually commenced. Most of the wind was taken out of his sails by the Democrats voting for the resolution, to the great consternation of its author, who confidently expected to make a large amount of political capital by the Democratic Senators violently assailing it in debate, and then voting against it. They did neither. The Southern Senators, while denying the wholesale charges made by Blaine in his speech, expressed full confidence that he would signally fail in making good his indictment against their States. This Blaine movement for the next Republican nomination for President has produced one very gratifying result at its outset. It has afforded the leading and most influential Republican journals an opportunity of entering their protest against an effort, come from what quarter it may, to array one section of the country against the other and to kindle anew the extinguished embers of discord and hate, the sole purpose which Blaine has in view, in order that he may promote his own personal and political ambition.

WHEN the Legislature met last January the oil producers asked it to pass a pipe bill, in order that they might be relieved from the oppressive tyranny and unjust exactions of the Standard Oil Company, and be enabled to transport their product to the sea board with certainty and at reduced rates. The request was a reasonable one, and ought to have been complied with. Andrew H. Dill was then a member of the Senate, representing a constituency which had no special interest in the passage of the pipe bill—a measure which was regarded by the oil counties as one of life and death to their future prosperity—but Mr. Dill's judgment as a practical and wise legislator approved the project, and he gave it his active and influential support. The bill passed the Senate, and with the exception of Hon. John Fertig, of Crawford county, and Hon. Wm. L. Corbett, of Clarion county, no member of the Senate did as much to bring about that result as Mr. Dill. The bill was, however, defeated in the House by Philadelphia influence and interests. Mr. Dill became the candidate of the Democratic party for Governor, but the oil producers forgot his invaluable and disinterested services, rendered to them in the Senate, and in the eight counties which constitute the oil region he was beaten by Hoyt 10,888 votes. This was the gratitude manifested towards Mr. Dill by the oil producers, whose vital interests he had eloquently defended by throwing himself into the breach between them and the rapacity of the Standard Oil Company. We do not, of course, know what legislation the oil producers intend to seek from the approaching Legislature, but they will very likely demand the passage of a law against discrimination in freights by railroad companies—the same bill the Republican majority in the House refused to consider after the defeat of the pipe bill last winter. If they do, it will be the plain duty of the Democratic members to give them a wide birth, and firmly and distinctly say to them that having given almost *eleven thousand* majority against Dill, the best friend they had in the Senate, they must now rely upon the party to whose success they so largely contributed at the November election, to save them from the iron grasp of their arch enemy, the Standard Oil Company.

NEARLY all the newspaper correspondents at Washington concur in the statement that Harry White is the most unpopular man in the lower branch of congress. He has achieved this unenviable notoriety from his constant habit of objecting to resolutions and motions, offered by other members in reference to matters which are perfectly legitimate, and concerning which they desire information on which to base legislative action. He is ever as ready with the fatal words, "I object!" as Wm. M. Evarts was with them to almost every question put by the plaintiff's counsel to his witnesses in the trial of the case of Tilton against Beecher. One day last week he objected to an investigation of alleged frauds in the pension agency at Erie, and on another day he objected to an inquiry into a doubtful judicial proceeding of a Federal judge in Virginia. White played the same role when he was in the State Senate, and as a consequence his support of a measure was usually equivalent to its defeat.

A Moving Palace.

This is truly an age of wonders, and among them are, talking by lightning walking on air, riding on the wings of the wind, and transferring, as it were, a whole orchestra over hundreds of miles of wire. These are no greater than the rapidity of travel on the railways, however, as the hurrying trains every day show. There are always new conveniences and improvements in the manner of travel which add greatly to the comfort of those who are journeying. One of the latest, though it has been in use some time, is the Pullman Hotel Cars, where one is always "at home," and can eat, walk, talk, or sleep, as he chooses. Go down to the Chicago & North-Western depot any evening, or any morning, and you will see the moving palace. The Pullman Hotel Cars were put on the Chicago & North Western Railway about the first of July, last year, and they have proven to be an unquestioned and decided success. The cars are beauties, and a person can get aboard at Chicago in the morning and ride through to Council Bluffs without leaving the car, and still have all the conveniences of any of the most elegant hotels. They are on the European plan. "You pay only for what you get." If you have never seen them, it will pay you to go down to the depot some evening and go through the train.—*Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Daily Republican.*

In these Hotel Cars the meals are *a la carte*—you pay for what you get, and nothing more; and this at very reasonable rates.

The managers of the company have determined to omit nothing which will add to the convenience, safety, and comfort of the traveling public who favor them with their patronage; and further, that they will not be eclipsed in this direction by any other railroad in the world. Hence these cars, constructed by the Pullman Palace Car Company especially for the Pioneer Line, are the finest ever built.

It is not exaggeration to say that no road in the world can produce the equal to these magnificent cars, and as the average traveler wants the best of everything that can be had, he must of necessity use this line in his trans-continental trip.

The charges for berths in these Hotel Cars are the same (and no higher) as are made in the more common Sleeping Car, so that the traveler using one of these palatial hotels is given much more worth for his money than he can get on any other line.

Remember! Pullman Hotel Cars are now running regularly between Chicago and Council Bluffs, on the Denver and California Express Trains of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. West-bound, they leave Chicago daily, except Sunday, (and on every third Sunday), from the Wells Street Depot, at 10.30 A. M., and arrive at Council Bluffs next morning.—East bound, they leave Council Bluffs at 5.30 P. M., daily, except Saturday, (and on every third Saturday,) and reach Chicago the next afternoon.

Bear in mind! No other road runs Pullman Hotel Cars, Pullman Dining Cars, or any other form of Hotel, Dining, or Restaurant Cars *through* between Chicago and the Missouri River. On no other road can you get all the meals you require between Chicago and Omaha without leaving the car you start in. This is the only line that has *through* eating cars of any sort.

A DREADFUL HOLOCAUST.—*Six Persons Burned to Death.*—A Troy, N. Y., dispatch of Friday last furnishes the following particulars of a fearful fatality which occurred in that city the night previous, caused, it is believed, by the explosion of a carbon oil lamp. The dispatch says:

Fire was discovered, about 11 o'clock Thursday night, by a neighbor, in a one story frame house in Bowery street, Cohoes. The building was occupied by a family named Rourke, consisting of the father, Patrick, aged 53; Mary Ann, the oldest child, 22; Timothy, 16; Bridget, 14, and Jerry, Willie, and Mary, respectively 11, 9, 5 years old. All were in bed and asleep when the fire was discovered, and the neighbors, who gathered around the burning and broke open the doors with axes, were unable, on account of the fire and smoke, to enter the house. A ladder was procured and Stephen Monk entered through a window. He found Patrick Rourke lying on the floor, between two barrels, alive but unconscious. Rourke had evidently fallen while trying to reach the window. He was carried out, gasped a few times and expired. In the same room was found Mary Ann, who was still alive and conscious, but badly burned. It was evident that she had inhaled the flames. She was carried to a neighbor's house, and medical aid was summoned. She lingered until this morning, when death ended her sufferings. When the firemen arrived, one side of the building was torn down, and close to the wall, lying on the floor, was found Bridget, who somehow had escaped the flames, but had fallen to the floor from suffocation. She was carried to a place of safety, and restored to consciousness. This girl is now very low. In a room a short distance from where Bridget was found, and the body of the youngest lad, Willie, was found lying on the floor, the features scarcely marred, but the lower limbs badly burned.

After the fire was extinguished search was made for the remains of the three other children, and in the centre of the kitchen, close together, the bodies were found, charred beyond the possibility of recognition. They were placed in one coffin. The family originally was composed of nine members. The mother died three years ago; one son is in the penitentiary; one girl was saved from the burning building, and the remaining six perished in the flames. It is believed that the fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp.

A LADY'S STRANGE AFFLICTION.—A correspondent of the Beaver *Commoner* writes about the following case, giving the name of the sufferer, which, however, is withheld by the editor:

A young lady residing in Ohio township, Miss Mary ——, on last Tuesday night, took what she supposed to be the earache. Remedies were applied, but without avail, when it was discovered that she was in a kind of somnambulistic state—both sleeping and waking. Her eyes are closed, and she imagines herself away in some dismal place, though still recognizing her friends at times. Other times she is wild with terror, and her screams and piteous appeals for help are terrible. Her first sleep lasted twenty two hours, different ones trying to wake her, but all failed. Dr. Strous was sent for, and on coming awoke her, but she sank to sleep almost instantly. She has not been awake passing five hours since last Tuesday. The moment her eyes close, she imagines herself dressed in white with different trimmings, but always dressed for the street, with hat and gloves to match the dress. While her eyes are closed her suffering are intense. This lady is in her twenty second year, and never walked a step in her life.

—Bridget, the only member of the Rourke family who escaped from the burning residence at Cohoes, N. Y., on Wednesday night, is now able to make a statement. She says she was awakened by her sister Mary Ann, who led her to a window. Mary returned to awaken the remainder of the family. Bridget, instead of jumping out of the window, started to follow her sister, but was prevented by the flames, which immediately enveloped Mary. Bridget said her father was in the habit of smoking in bed, and as the fire originally broke out in his room, it is now supposed that the man and his five children met death through his carelessness.

—Bayard Taylor, the American Minister to Berlin, died in that city on last Thursday afternoon. His disease was dropsy and his death easy and painless. He was a native of Pennsylvania, having been born at Kennett Square, Chester county, on January 11, 1825. Mr. Taylor, in his time, was a printer, editor, author and poet of more than ordinary ability. He was appointed Minister to Berlin on the 16th of February last, and on the eve of his departure banquets were given in his honor at his native place, as well as in Philadelphia and New York.

—In the apostolic city of St. Paul, Minn., the thermometer indicated thirteen degrees below zero on Tuesday last.

News and Other Notings.

—Father M'Carty of Mouson, Mass., has patented a candlestick to be used in funeral services.

—Isaac Holtzman, of Lebanon county, is six feet seven and a half inches in height, and is large in proportion.

—Three children of a man in Berks county were buried at one time recently. They had died of diphtheria.

—A thirteen-year-old girl in Lancaster keeps house for her father, and does the baking, washing, etc., to perfection.

—A man was found at East St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago, frozen into a solid cake of ice, having fallen into a small pond and been drowned.

—Because she thought he used too much tobacco a woman of Melrose, Mass., locked her husband up in a hen house and horsewhipped him.

—The proceeds of a breach of promise suit are to be appropriated for repairs on a church at Bowling Green, Ky. The girl sues for no other purpose.

—The Indiana Supreme Court has decided, in the suit of a church against a member, that subscriptions made on Sunday cannot be collected by law.

—A wedding recently took place near Camargo, Lancaster county, at which the great grandmother of the bride was present and took part in the dance.

—George Albertson, switch-tender at the Pennsylvania Railroad round house at Harrisburg, was instantly killed on Saturday by a locomotive passing over his body.

—The horse which Wilkes Booth rode from Washington after his murder of President Lincoln is said to be owned in Pomfret, Conn. The animal is eighteen years old.

—The body of Jack Kehoe, who was hanged at Pottsville on Wednesday, was taken to Tamaqua for burial Friday afternoon from Girardville. The funeral was largely attended.

—A cat at Morrisville, Mass., is endeavoring to corner the mouse-killing market and establish a monopoly by stealing and taking home all the traps she can find.—She already has five.

—During the recent flood at Westfield, Mass., a house was carried a quarter of a mile by the current, but not a dish was spilled from the shelves or broken, although a stove was smashed.

—The large barn of Dr. John Stephens, in Tulpehoken township, Berks county, was destroyed by fire last week. Eight horses and twenty-seven head of cattle were burned to death. Loss, $9,000.

—Dan. Drawbaugh, of Cumberland county, Pa., is the inventor of a perpetual clock, which, by utilizing magnetism as a dynamic force, has been ticking away without winding for four or five years.

—Peter Weber, of Union county, died the other day at the age of 68, and his wife, who was a year younger, and had expressed the wish years ago to outlive her husband only one day, died just twenty-five hours after.

—Louis F. Therassan, a lawyer of New York city, convicted of obtaining from his client, Mrs. Zabriskie, her signature to a satisfaction piece of mortgage under false pretences, has been sentenced to the State prison for two years.

—A Boston man named Burnside will shortly attempt the feat of crossing the Atlantic, doubling the Cape of Good Hope and then crossing the Indian Ocean to Australia, in a sloop-rigged craft 19 feet in length and 2½ feet deep.

—The wife of J. L. Eakman, a farmer residing near Leechburg, hung herself the other day with a bank of yarn. The unfortunate woman had become insane by reason of distress of mind over a debt contracted by going on a bail bond.

—Two men in Canisteo, Dodge county, Minn., have just discovered that for four years past they have been occupying each other's land. The matter has been rightened by a mutual transfer of titles, each retaining the land he has occupied.

—A woman at Lawrence, Mass., has just given birth to her twenty-second child, while her two married daughters have contributed a baby a year to the population of the State during the seven and three years of their respective wedded lives.

—The widow of Lieutenant Benner, the commander of the yellow fever relief boat, who is visiting in Evansville, Ind., took an overdose of laudanum Friday evening, mistaking it for cough medicine. She is believed to be in a dangerous condition.

—"I'm a tutabaga, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp as he entered a farmhouse near Freeport, Ill., and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soused him with a dish-pan full of boiling water.

—Mr. A. G. Pearce, a colored man, is a candidate for the Clerkship in Washington county, Mississippi, a vacancy having been caused by the death of Albert Shadd, also a negro. He announces himself as "heartily in accord with the Democratic party of the State and county."

—At noon on the day that Wade Hampton's life was declared to be in danger from the effects of the amputation of his leg, the business of the South Carolina conference, then in session at Newbury, was suspended and all the delegates knelt in prayer for the recovery of the Governor.

—A startling story of outrage is received from Boston. A New York lady stopping at a hotel in that city is said to have been robbed, two weeks ago, by a man who entered her room, broke open her trunk, inflicted severe personal injuries upon her, and has thus far escaped arrest.

—In an affray at Lebanon, on Saturday, John Ivenson was killed by a German tramp named Nimrod Spattenbower.—Ivenson was stabbed four times with a large knife, receiving the death wound from a thrust in the left thigh, which severed an artery. The murderer was arrested.

—At New Castle, Del., on Saturday, George Draper, colored, convicted of murder in the second degree, for killing John Wilson, was placed in the pillory in a blinding snow storm, and afterward received sixty lashes, in accordance with his sentence. He will now be imprisoned for life.

—There was a wedding in Newton, Conn. the other day, after, as the local chronicler says, a vigorous courtship of fifteen years. So delighted was everybody that the stars and stripes were hoisted on the hotel and many private residences, and a salute of many guns was fired at the hour of the ceremony.

—Frankie Chapman, daughter of a Methodist clergyman in Jackson, Ohio, went to a public ball in Cincinnati, where she had been living, and drank so much wine with a friend, Miss Agans, that she became intoxicated. They went home together, quarrelled, fought, and Miss Chapman killed her antagonist by striking her on the head with a pitcher.

—In the list of converts to the Catholic Church published in the *Whitehall Review* there are 200 from Oxford, 150 from Cambridge; from Trinity College, Dublin, and London University, jointly, only 10; 85 of the army, 14 of the navy, 45 of the bar, 13 peers, 24 peeresses, 19 sons and 28 daughters of peers, 78 other titled ladies, and 35 titled men—in all 1,500.

—A party was given Thursday night at the Eagle Hotel, Smithville, Lancaster county, at which a desperate character, named George Martin, created a disturbance. His uncle, Joshua Winters, remonstrated with him, and words led to a scuffle, in which Mr. Winters fell to the ground and expired almost instantly.—Martin has been arrested.

—A ranchman named Stevens had a grudge against the rival firm of Ketchum & Mitchell, in Nebraska, and succeeded in convincing a mob that they were horse thieves, and had murdered a deputy sheriff. The mob hanged the accused men, whose innocence was afterwards made clear. Then the mob hung Stevens.

—One day last week, Mrs. Henrietta Snyder, living near Cherryville, Northampton county, left the house to get a bucket of water. While absent, the clothing of one of the children caught fire, and the mother, hearing screams, rushed into the doorway, and was met by the child, when her own clothing was set fire to.—She ran into the road, and soon fell exhausted and was burned to death. The child lived but a short while.

—James Strachan, who works at the Soho Furnace, Pittsburgh, fell from a height of forty feet in 1864, from the comb of the roof of the Panhandle shops at Urichsville. In 1867 he fell from the top of a derrick in the Thirty-sixth ward, Pittsburgh, a height of sixty-two feet, and in 1869 from the St. Louis bridge, a height of ninety feet. In the last fall he was tolerably well pulverized, but is nevertheless able to do a good day's work yet.

—Allen C. Larrs, the Pennsylvania parricide, who escaped from the Insane Asylum some months ago, has been recaptured in Arkansas and will be returned to Harrisburg at once. He killed his father and mother and a man named Schug, by poisoning them, at a place near Easton, Pa., in 1876. He was sentenced to be hanged for the crime, but was subsequently pronounced insane and confined in the State Hospital, from which place he escaped.

—Mrs. Jones, a lady supposed to be about one hundred years old, who has been insane for several years, and who has been living by herself in an old log building on her son's farm, about two miles north of Homewood, Beaver county, was burned to death between eight and nine o'clock Thursday night. It is supposed her clothes caught from the fire place. The fire was discovered by her son from his house, who went to her rescue, but too late to save her life.

—Serkys tea, which gives the firmness and freshness of youth to the oldest face if drunk copiously and regularly, is all the rage in Europe. It has the color of amber, resembles no other tea, is drunk with or without sugar or cream, according to taste, and is a very agreeable beverage. Louis XIV.'s physician, who speaks of it in his travels, says that he has seen women of seventy who, having drank Serkys all their lives, did not seem more than twenty or twenty five.

—The New Orleans *Times* furnishes some corrections for the touching story of Annie McKeene, the beautiful and daring wife of a noted guerrilla, who turned nun, took the name of Sister Celeste and died while nursing yellow-fever patients during the recent epidemic, as published on our fourth page this week. These corrections are to the effect that no nurse died under the circumstances mentioned, that there was no nun in New Orleans called Sister Celeste, and that Mrs. McKeene never took the veil.

—The other evening, while a number of boys were skating on the mill pond, at Hogdon, Me., a little son of R. T. Bickford slid off the ice some distance into the water. Joseph Harrington, a boy of 12 or 13 years, seeing his danger threw off his coat and plunged in to the rescue. Reaching him just as he was sinking for the third time, he held him above the water and with his feet swam to the edge of the ice. Being unable to get upon the ice without assistance, he held the nearly drowned boy there until help came.

—The dead body of Joseph Reber was found in a Lebanon county stream about two weeks ago. On his life he had an insurance of $13,000, and according to the Lebanon *Times* the companies in which he was insured have had three detectives at work in the neighborhood to ascertain the facts in the case, and from the evidence elicited there is every reason to believe that the man was foully dealt with. Previous attempts had been made, it is said, to murder him, and the whole thing has a very suspicious air about it.

—The Mack murder trial is making a sensation at Janesville, Wis., Frank Dickerson, aged 23, having confessed his criminal relations with Mrs. Belinda Mack, a pretty woman of 32, with three daughters, the eldest one aged 14. She promised to marry him after her husband was put out of the way, and, her paramour swears, killed Mack, and having carried the body to the stable, laid it on the floor behind the horse, which she led several times over the corpse to make it seem that her husband had been kicked and trampled to death.

—Speech has been restored by chloroform in the Wagner Poorhouse, near Detroit. Lizzie Spofford lost two senses, sight and hearing, when she was nine years old, and before she was thirteen she was not only blind and deaf, but had forgotten how to talk. Last week she sprained her wrist, and the attending physician administered chloroform in order that he might examine the injured parts to better advantage. On regaining consciousness, she began first to whisper and finally to talk aloud. Apparently, she has only to sprain her other wrist and a second dose of chloroform will restore her sight.

—A Virginia paper tells a story of a young Bedford man, who, crossing the Blue Ridge on foot, lost his way and wandered until night. Afraid to sleep on the ground, he climbed a large chestnut tree which had been broken off by the wind and seeing that the hollow top was filled with leaves, crawled into it. The tree proved to be hollow to the roots, and the young man went plump to the bottom, a distance of about 40 feet. The only aperture thro' which he could breathe was a small hole not larger than his hand. He at once began to enlarge it by picking off the wood with his fingers. Shortly before dark on the following evening he dug his way out.

—The New York *Sun* says that officer S. B. Wells, of the police force of that city, who died suddenly on Tuesday, was formerly the pastor of a flourishing Methodist church in Connecticut. It is said of him that about fifteen years ago he became convinced that it was his duty to lay aside the comforts of his position and go into the highways and byways to preach. He established his wife and children on a well-tilled and plentiful stocked farm near Norwalk, Conn., and resigned his pastorate. He went to New York and joined the police force, believing that he could thus more easily reach the criminal classes, and since then, besides discharging his duty as an officer, he has worked faithfully and successfully amongst the depraved classes. It is said Wells was worth $50,000.

—Miss Callahan, who was a prosperous milliner in Boston, married Patrick Cain, who was a lazy loafer. The match was not liked by the young woman's family, and her brother John, who was passionately fond of her, brooded over the matter until his hatred of Cain became a mania. At last he went into the couple's bedroom at night, shot Cain four times as he lay asleep, and then killed himself. Cain is recovering. Miss Meadow's marriage to Elijah Lane, in Waco, Texas, was displeasing to her family. Her two brothers induced her to return home, and when Lane went there to get his wife, she shot him dead on the doorstep. A less summary, but equally murderous, course was taken by Henry Williams, in Walla, Miss., who poisoned his son-in law in order to rid his daughter of a drunken husband.

JOHN WANAMAKER

—SECOND—

Grand Annual Holiday Sale,

FAR AHEAD OF THAT OF LAST YEAR IN EVERY RESPECT.

Last year witnessed the first of our Holiday Sales.—We did the best we could and the people appreciated our efforts. Our thanks to the quick-sighted public, who are always sure to be on the right side.

This year, month by month, we have improved the GRAND DEPOT, and now that we are ready to inaugurate our Holiday Sale, we believe the people will quickly perceive the great advantages offered by this exhibition of art, industry and merchandise, collected under the vast roof of GRAND DEPOT.

DEPARTMENTS.

A—Black and Colored Silks.
B—Mourning Goods.
C—Dress Goods.
D—Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
E—Woolens', Boys' Wear and Ladies' Cloakings, etc.
F—Notions, Jewelry, Fans, etc.
G—Linens and House Furnishing Goods.
H—White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, etc.
J—Upholstery.
K—Shawls, Wrappers, etc.
L—Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, etc.
M—Hats and Caps.
N—Hosiery and Underwear.
O—Boots, Shoes, Rubber Goods, Trunks, Valises, etc.
P—Ready-made Clothing for Men Youths and Boys.
Q—Clothing Made to Order.
R—Flannels, Muslins, Linings, etc.
S—Furs, Robes, etc.
T—Stationery, Silverware, Perfumery, etc.
U—Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons and Millinery Goods.
V—Infant's and Misses' Dresses, Ladies' Underwear, etc.
W—Baby Coaches, Toys, Field Games, etc.
X—Door Mats, Rugs, etc.
Y—China and Glassware.
Z—Silverware.
Z—Zephyrs, Fancy Needle-work, etc.

NO SUCH ATTRACTIONS CAN BE FOUND ELSEWHERE.

All the talent we could command has been brought to bear in organizing this Sale. We are sure the people will wonder when they see what we have done.

A most cordial invitation is extended to every one.

NOTE.—Additional force of Clerks and Cash-desk Messengers added for this sale.

John Wanamaker,

GRAND DEPOT, THIRTEENTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

LOOK AT THESE

Astonishing Low Prices!

THE LIKE WAS NEVER KNOWN.

10 2-lb. Cans Tomatoes for	$1 00	25 pieces Palm Soap for	$1 00
8 lbs. French Prunes for	1 00	25 pieces Olive Soap for	1 00
16 lbs. French Currants for	1.00	25 pieces Marbled Soap for	1 00
16 lbs. Dried Apples for	1.00	25 pieces Diamond Soap for	1 00
16 lbs. Dried Peaches (halves)	1 00	17 pieces Telephone Soap for	1 00
12 lbs. Turkey Prunes for	1.00	14 pieces Gold Soap for	1 00
8 lbs. Pulverized Sugar for	1 00	14 pieces Babbitt Soap for	1 00
8 lbs. Pat. Cut Loaf Sugar	1.00	11 boxes Lye for	1 00
9¾ lbs. Granulated Sugar for	1 00	17 lbs. Oat Meal for	1 00
10½ lbs. White Sugar for	1 00	14 lbs. Oyster Crackers for	1 00
11 lbs. Extra C Sugar for	1 00	14 lbs. Water Crackers for	1 00
12 lbs. Brown Sugar for	1.00	Mackerel at 12 and 15 cts. per lb.	

I have without exception the largest and best stock of

TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES

IN ALTOONA.

D. G. M'CULLOUGH,

CHECKERED FRONT,

1121 ELEVENTH AVENUE, - - - ALTOONA, PA.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE

(P. C. & ST. L. R'Y.)

THE DIRECT AND MOST

COMFORTABLE AND EXPEDITIOUS ROUTE

TO ALL POINTS IN THE

WEST, SOUTH and SOUTHWEST.

Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked

TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS.

Our Rates are the Lowest.

OUR ACCOMMODATIONS UNSURPASSED.

Our Trains Connect in UNION DEPOTS

With all the great Western Trunk Lines.

NO DELAYS! NO LONG TRANSFERS!

WE RUN NO EMIGRANT TRAINS.

All Classes of Passengers are Forwarded on Regular EXPRESS TRAINS, and go through WITHOUT DETENTION.

FROM THOSE SEEKING

Homes in the WEST

We invite correspondence, and endeavor to give trustworthy information. When necessary, our Traveling Agents will meet parties and be prepared to give satisfactory rates for transportation of passengers, household goods, live stock, etc.

Following is the time of Daily Express Trains via "Pan-Handle Route":

Leave Pittsburgh	8 42 a. m.	11.47 p. m.
Arrive St. Louis	7.30 a. m.	9.30 p. m.
" Kansas City	10.15 p. m.	10.00 a. m.

Connection is made in Union Depot, Kansas City, for all points in Kansas and Colorado. Two hundred pounds of baggage are checked free for colonists.

If unable to procure tickets by the PAN-HANDLE ROUTE at nearest railroad station, Passengers should call on Agents at Union Depot, or at 78 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., and call for tickets via "PAN-HANDLE ROUTE," by which line Omnibus Transfers are provided. For Maps of Western Lands, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c., address W. L. O'BRIEN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Columbus, Ohio. [12 20.-6m.]

JOHNSON'S SILK FELT INSOLE PHILA. SEPT. 28, 1875

Composed of Wool and Silk Felted together, with the Silk next to the foot. A sure relief for RHEUMATISM and proof against COLD and DAMP FEET. Many a cold and attendant consequences prevented by using these goods. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents. State size of shoe worn, and if for Gent, Lady, or Child.

Canvassers and Agents do well with these goods.

D. W. JOHNSON,

323 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Rev. JOHN HACKETT, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Rev. Jno. Hackett, late of Summitville borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

THOMAS DAVIN, Executor.

Summitville, Dec. 6, 1878-6t.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LITTLE ROCK AND FORT SMITH RAILWAY. **HOMES** IN WESTERN ARKANSAS.

No section of the country offers parties intending to change their residence such advantages as may be obtained in the beautiful Valley of the Arkansas, between Little Rock and Fort Smith. While the South has suffered terribly into each business during the past summer, Western Arkansas has never been more healthy. For pamphlet and further information apply to W. D. SLACK, Land Commissioner, Little Rock, Ark.

A GREAT OFFER FOR HOLIDAYS!!!

We will during the HOLIDAYS dispose of 50 PIANOS and ORGANS at EXTRAORDINARY LOW prices for cash. SPLENDID ORGANS, 5 stops, reeds, $65; 3 sets, with 9 stops, Couplers, $80; 7 sets, $90; 10 sets, $105; 12 sets, $120. ROSEWOOD PIANOS, $175; $140; warranted for SIX years. $5 AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues mailed. Music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

SUCCESSFUL FOLKS. *Matthew Hale Smith's New Book.* 50 prominent persons—men & women—of business. STEEL PORTRAITS OF A. T. STEWART, VANDERBILT, BENNETT, &c. Sensation of the season. Now in the field. AGENTS for agency circulars to J. C. BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J.

SWEET JACKSON'S BEST NVY Chewing Tobacco

Awarded 1 Gold Medal at Centennial for fine chewing qualities and aroma. Ask your dealer for it. Beware of cheap imitations. None genuine unless stamped as above. Manufactured by G. F. WARDLE, Philadelphia. General Agents.

AGENTS WANTED for best and fastest selling Pictorial Book & Bible. Prices reduced 33 per cent. Address NAT. PUB. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$7 A DAY to Agents operating for the Himside Visitor. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

25 Fancy Cards, with name, 10c. Agent's outfit, 25 cts. Hudson & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

30 Mixed Cards, no two alike, with name, 10 cts. J. Minker & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Agents' outfit, 10c. ENES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

LINDSEY BLOOD SEARCHER

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. ROWELL & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - DEC. 27, 1878.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

--Argument Court list came too late for this week. Will appear in our next.

—A new crusade against intemperance, *a la* Murphy, has been inaugurated in Altoona.

—There will be no dearth in the ice crop this season. That is one thing to be thankful for.

—There are 26 prisoners in the county jail. Of these, 18 are men, 5 women, and 3 children.

—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all, but don't forget to buy your goods from A. A. Barker & Son.

—A large and comfortable house in the West Ward is offered for rent on very moderate terms by Dr. Hoffman.

—Judge Dean and wife are the proud parents of a young daughter that came to gladden their household last week.

—The contract for building additional coke ovens at Bennington Furnace has been finished by Mr. V. C. Elder of Johnstown.

—No Syracuse in our's this time, but the farthest attainable station beyond Auburn, if you please, Brother Buckingham. Selah!

—William McDonald, a miner at Lloydsville, this county, had a leg broken a few days ago by a quantity of slate falling on him.

—It is charged that there is a bogus coin manufactory in Blair county and a couple of crooked whiskey distilleries in Cambria county.

—The branch railroad worried it through last winter without being once snowed up. There's not much consolation in that now, however.

—Nicholas Kurtz, of Dutchtown, in the southern end of this county, was badly hurt Monday last by a ledge of coal falling on him in a mine.

—The well-known Avery Allen, recently an inmate of the county poor house, is at present enjoying the murky atmosphere of Johnstown.

—If you want a live daily paper, order the Pittsburg Daily DISPATCH. Subscription, $8 00 per annum. Address Rook & O'Neill, publishers. [12-13-6t.]

—'Twas three nights before Christmas, and in the house there was joy over the latest arrival, a black-headed—to be continued in our next.

—A 16-year old boy named Charles Munzer, of Conemaugh, was seriously injured on Saturday by the explosion of a blast in a stone quarry.

—The First Presbyterian church of Altoona, Rev. M. N. Cornelius, pastor, was rededicated to the service of Almighty God on Sunday last.

—Still more reductions at the popular cash store of A. A. Barker & Son; you can now get twelve lbs. of nice light brown sugar for one dollar.

—It is the intention of the Jackson township oil company to drill to the depth of 2,000 feet, if found necessary, in their quest for the greasy fluid.

—While the snow storm was raging round us last Sunday, the people of Blairsville Intersection and points westward were being deluged by a heavy rain.

—If you want to buy boots, shoes, clothing, or anything else, it will undoubtedly pay you to interview M. J Teitelbaum, at his cheap cash store in Loretto.

—For the first time this winter the mercury in the thermometer made the acquaintance of zero Monday night, and since then has gone several degrees lower.

—Hoping to enlarge and if possible treat the FREEMAN to a new suit at the close of the present volume, we have concluded not to take any vacation in ours until that time.

—Capt. James H. Gageby, U. S. A., is in Johnstown on a holiday visit to his parents. The Captain's present post of duty is St. Louis, where he is in charge of the recruiting office.

—All the way 12,000 pounds of poultry, embracing turkeys, geese, ducks, and chickens, were shipped from Blairsville last Friday evening, consigned to Philadelphia and New York.

—Mr. William McCormick, of Mechanicsburg, Indiana county, died last week, aged 75 years. He was the father of Messrs. John and Blaine McCormick, two well known railroad men of Altoona.

—Some time ago it was stated that Mr. Julius Steich, of Carrolltown, proposed starting a brewery in Ebensburg, but now it is given out that he has determined on going into business in Johnstown.

—Dr. Hoffman will be in Loretto on New Year's day, and if any one in that vicinity suffers with the toothache after that date, or masticates food with a mouthful of miserable molers, it will not be his fault.

—Sheriff Ryan and his excellent lady "set it up" sumptuously on the twenty-six prisoners in the county jail in shape of a grand Christmas dinner, whereat six hefty "gobblers" and much other provender went the way of all flesh.

—The Ebensburg train (weather permitting) will connect with the Johnstown Express on Monday morning, to accommodate all who are *en route* for the County Institute, which meets for organization at 10 o'clock, a. m., Dec. 30, 1878.

—Our "sojer boys" will be interested in learning that arrangements are making for the free transportation of all the regiments of the P. N. G. to Harrisburg to take part in the inaugural ceremonies of Gov. Hoyt on the 6th of next month.

—By an error in wetting down paper, and the consequent failure to print the full edition of our outside pages last week, we were obliged to impose half sheets on some of our patrons. We will take care that no such mistake is made in the future.

—Gold is now at par, and the same may be said of sugar and coffee, as well as of all kinds of provisions, as they are now being sold at lower prices than at any time since 1860. Call at the store of A. A. Barker & Son and be convinced of that fact.

—It was S. Teitelbaum, proprietor of the "People's Cheap Store," Carrolltown, who led off in the reduction of prices on all kind of goods, and it is the same Teitelbaum who still keeps ahead of all competitors by selling at lower prices than any of them.

—It will be gratifying to many and a disappointment to none hereaway to learn that the appointment of our former townsman, Samuel C. Wingard, Esq., to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory has been confirmed by the United States Senate.

—Extensive improvements will be made in the Cambria Bessemer plant at Johnstown during the coming month, preparations for which now fill their mechanical departments to overflowing. A Bessemer plant, unlike other plants, it is proper to say, has all seasons for its own.

—So cold and cheerless a Christmas as the one just passed, has not been experienced even in this cold and cheerless climate for many a year, and hard indeed must be the heart that has not gone out in sympathy more helpful than words to the deserving poor at this inclement season.

—Excursion tickets so far as the Ebensburg branch railroad is concerned were not largely dealt in this week. In reply to an interrogatory as to whether the train would go out or not, the answer invariably was, "It's now go!" And of course everybody saw the drift of the reply at once.

—Miss Henrietta Hartsock, third daughter of Mr. Charles Hartsock, of Hollidaysburg, and second cousin of the editor of this paper, will make her final vows as Sister Mary Amadeus at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Webster avenue, Pittsburgh, on Monday evening, January 6th.

—The wind blew down a frame house in Altoona on Sunday last. It also blew down innumerable chimneys, there and elsewhere, all of which, strange to relate, are still standing. Where, oh where is the Knott-y Lo-te of the Mountain City, that such things are permitted to be done on the Lord's day?

—Ebensburg's first, and perhaps last and only, daily will make its appearance next Wednesday, and continue so do for the ensuing four days. It is to be called the *Daily Institute*, will be half the size of the FREEMAN, can be bought for three cents per copy, and is to be published by Mr. Fos. Lord.

—Mr. Will E. White and Miss Lucy Caldwell, both of Johnstown, were married Tuesday of last week. The bride's parents, Dr. Wm. (an old newspaper man) and Mrs. Caldwell, celebrated their silver wedding at the same time by having the knot tied over again which was originally woven on the 19th of December, 1853.

—Hoofland's Almanac for the the current year informs us, in the table for December, that "autumn begins" the 22d of this month. Looking out of our office window at snow drifts from three to four feet deep, and noting the fact that nobody has an overcoat to loan just now, we imagine there must be some mistake about this.

—M. J. Teitelbaum, the "Cheap John" of Loretto, is now selling 8½ lbs. coffee for $1, 15 lbs. sugar for $1, best syrup at 50 cts. per gallon, best tobacco at 60 cts. per lb., salt at $1.60 per lb., 2 papers pins for 5c., 3 spools for 5c., 2 doz. shoe lacers for 5c., and all other goods at much lower prices than they can bought anywhere else in Cambria county.

—The planting of wild rice along the streams is said to be a good way to protect fish against the ravages of pirates who depopulate the finny tribe with nets. They spread rapidly and interfere with the raising of the nets. The attention of our local readers who have the welfare of the black bass and catfish at heart is directed to this item.

—R. L. Johnston, Esq., offers for sale through our advertising columns several desirable properties in town and county, which the stringency of the times prompts him to dispose of at almost any price and upon terms that would bother no one very much to comply with. Persons wishing to invest in real estate will never be afforded a better opportunity.

—Prices lower than ever at the "People's Cheap Variety Store" in Loretto, where M. J. Teitelbaum is selling muslins at 5 cts. and up; ginghams at 6 cts. and up; shirtings at 7 cts. and up; Canton flannels at 6 cts. and up; woolen flannels at 18 cts. and up; waterproof cloth at 60 cts. per yard; ladies' skirts at 60 cts., and everthing else at a like reduction in price.

—The sanctuary of the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, which is always a model of beauty, especially during the Christmas holidays, was never more magnificently and elaborately decorated with evergreens, artificial flowers, candles, etc., than it is at the present time, thanks to the good taste and untiring energy of some of the lady members of the congregation.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says that an arrangement has been made by which letters and papers mailed at Johnstown Postoffice by 7:20 o'clock, P. M., will be forward by Philadelphia Express to Chest Springs and Loretto the same evening, and a pouch will go from there to Johnstown the following day, on Pacific Express. Hitherto the Loretto mail was carried on Day Express.

—A deed of William Kerr to John Kerr for a strip of land on which a certain spring is located on the Huntingdon penitentiary site has been found. The absence of this deed, which was long continued enough to cause much distress throughout the length and breadth of Huntingdon, was the only hitch in a perfect title for the site. Now all is lovely and the ball goes on.

—On December 31st, 1874, the Ebensburg silver cornet band, which was then a comparatively new organization, came on the streets at the hour of midnight and ushered in the new year with some delightful music. The remembrance of the serenade is so agreeable with our people that they would not be averse to having the programme repeated next Tuesday night.

—An unusual flight of sparks from the chimney of Mrs. Reese's residence in the West Ward, about 9 o'clock Christmas night, led to the belief that the building was on fire, and as a consequence the engine-house bell was rang vigorously the machine run out promptly, and a noisy time indulged in generally. When the cause became apparent the firemen were more put out about it than the fire.

—It is worthy of mention that despite the snowing up of the branch railroad last Saturday night and Sunday, the mails Monday morning were delivered here pretty nearly on schedule time. The credit for this feat is due Messrs. L. & S. W. Davis, who, as soon as railroad connection was found to be cut off, put on sleigh-backs between this point and Cresson for the conveyance of the mails and accommodation of the traveling public.

—The voting of an elegant baby cap at the ladies' fair to "Doc" Thompson Christmas night was a rather good joke on our clever little bachelor friend, but he accepted the joke and the prize in the best of good humor, and knowing that a printer's case is never complete without SMALL CAPS, especially under certain emergencies, he very generously capped the climax on us. For the doing of which he will please accept, etc.

—The firm of Lemmon & Murray having ceased to exist owing to the death of the junior member, the surviving partner, Dr. Wm. Lemmon, is anxious to close out certain departments of the business as speedily as possible, and with that object in view offers for sale a large lot of jewelry, miscellaneous books, notions, etc., at first cost and in many instances at less than cost. Persons wishing to invest in articles of that kind will never have a better chance to secure bargains. [12-6.-4t.]

—Some agitators in Centre county want to erect a new county, with the following geographical conformation: From Cambria county, take White township; Clearfield county, Gulich, Beccaria, Woodward, Decatur, Boggs, Morris, and Graham townships; Centre county, Rush, Huston, Worth and Taylor townships, and from Blair county, Snyder and Antis—fourteen townships in all. As to Cambria county, all we have to say in the matter is that we want to be "let alone."

—Mr. Patrick Connoly, a young man who for a time resided in this place a few years ago, dropped in to see us the other day with an honorable discharge from the service of Uncle Sam in his possession. Five years in the regular army, fighting red-skins betimes and doing garrison duty in the interim, is a pretty long siege, and Mr. C. says he don't hanker after any more experience of that kind, albeit the weekly visits of the FREEMAN were a great comfort to him more than half the time.

—One of the Brothers connected with St. Francis' College at Loretto undertook on Sunday last to make his way home from Cameron's Bottom, Indiana county, in a sleigh, and after much tribulation succeeded in reaching a point about midway between this place and Loretto, and then he gave it up. The sleigh was left sticking in a drift about the size of a full grown haystack, the horse went into a convenient barn, and by some sort of flank movement the Brother continued his journey and in the end arrived safely at the College.

—Hon. A. McAllister, of Springfield Furnace, the Altoona *Tribune* has the audacity to say, is the finest looking man in Blair county, if not in the State. To this assertion, probably made in the interest of photographers, we have nothing to say so far as the county is concerned, but—well, we live in the State, and while we don't *make all a-stir* round here with worshippers at the shrine of our manly beauty, we caution every person against presuming to question our ability to snatch Archibald headed on the score of good looks.

—A shot-gun carried by a young man named Wilson was accidentally discharged while crossing a fence, one day last week, and the contents were lodged in the body of another young man named Pounds. The latter died from the effects of the wound the following day. Both parties resided in Dayton, Indiana county. A singular circumstance connected with this unfortunate affair is that a woman named Morrow, also a resident of Dayton, and whose mind had been slightly impaired by trouble, was rendered absolutely crazy by the communication to her of the death of young Pounds.

—Next Wednesday winds up the shooting season. After that date it will be unlawful to kill or have in your possession any squirrels, wild turkeys, rabbits, woodcock, quails, or pheasants. The only description of game in this neighborhood remaining as legal targets for our sportsmen would seem to be that pack of wolves which is depopulating the sheepfolds of Blacklick township, and to which the attention of owners of reliable rifles is directed. Many persons contend that these wolves are dogs, but this is denied on the high authority of the *Herald*, which couldn't lie for less than three cents a line.

—The banns of matrimony have been published in the Catholic church at Gallitzin, and it may be that the ceremony itself has by this time been performed, between Mr. Thomas Masterson, one of the most faithful and trusted engineers on the Pittsburgh division, Pa. R. R., and Miss Julia Tobin, the handsome and accomplished daughter of Mr. David Tobin, one of the Labor Reform candidates for the Legislature at the late election. Tom is well known in our town, having engineered the Branch train on several occasions, and there are many here who will wish him all the happiness which his new departure portends.

—Governor Hartranft has appointed Hon. Richard Jones to be Justice of the Peace for the East Ward of Ebensburg borough, *vice* Edmund J. Waters, Esq., lately deceased. The commission has arrived, but has not yet been lifted. Its figures make it expire on the first of May next, but the would-be 'Squire thinks that under the new Constitution the tenure of office should be extended one full year further. If there is a whole loaf in this distribution of gifts, the 'Squire is not going to rest content with one cut in half. Meanwhile the matter has been submitted to the Attorney General for his consideration, and the seal of the envelope enclosing the commission remains unbroken.

—Come to me, dearest, while the sleigh bells are ringing; come where I await thee in silence alone; come while the stars their soft glances are flinging from eyes that are only less bright than their own. It is needless to say that she went, and in due course of time the twain were made one. As evidence that they were persons of solid sense, it may be added that they bought all the articles necessary for going to housekeeping at John Lloyd & Co.'s, High street, Ebensburg, while that establishment has since received and will continue to receive their undivided patronage. The reason of this is that Lloyd & Co. uniformly give satisfaction and sell at extremely low prices—lower than any other store in town. Try them once.

—'Tis hard to sever and less forever our dreams of old—sometimes they sadden, sometimes they gladden our visions bold. But it is a great deal harder to go round this sort of weather with wet feet. Don't do it! Go to S. Blumenthal's Great Eastern Boot and Shoe Store, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, and procure covering for your feet which will not only keep them dry and comfortable, but will also last forever and a day, more or less. He can furnish you with a pair of boots, shoes or gaiters, warranted, as cheap as the same article can be bought at retail in Philadelphia. Special rates for the holidays. If inconvenient to call in person, you can forward your orders by mail and they will be promtly filled.

—"Pants for $5!" said a seedy-looking man as he read the sign of Godfrey Wolff, next door to the post-office, Altoona—"so do I, never panted so for $5 in all my life!" He likely wanted it to buy beer with; but whoever wants to invest his money judiciously ought to pay a visit to Mr. Wolff's establishment. He has a holiday stock of ready-made clothing, embracing overcoats, coats, vests, pantaloons, etc., of all qualities and styles, which he will sell at the slightest advance over cost. The stock of overcoats is especially large and cheap. All articles sold by him are warranted to be as represented, and consequently mistakes cannot occur. He refers to a large number of Cambrians who are regular customers of his.

—County Supt. Berg has been fortunate in securing Wallace Bruce, the orator in literature, to deliver his popular lecture on "Landmarks of Scott," for the benefit of the Teachers' Institute, on Monday evening, Dec. 30. Mr. Bruce stands to-day in the front rank of Lyceum lecturers, with a clear title to his reputation as "the scholar and orator." He delivered over a hundred lectures last season, in the principal cities of the States and Canada, and is invited again and again, by some the *fourth* and *fifth season* in succession. Since graduating at Yale, in 1867, his life has been devoted to travel and study. We hope all of our readers who can make it convenient will unite with the teachers in giving Mr. Bruce the compliment of a full house on the evening named.

—In the great battle of life no one should stand still, for the conflict we're waging must be fought with a will; so it behooves all to keep moving their measures to fill in this world of commotion, which contains much good and ill. When you get in the moving way, reader, you will be guilty of the commission of a wise act if you move yourself in the direction of Jas. J. Murphy's clothing store, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, where can be purchased the cheapest and best overcoat, dress and business coats, vests, pantaloons, underwear, etc., for sale in this county. Mr. Murphy as a clothier has been before the public for years, and it is yet to be said of him that his sales were not always on the square. During the holidays, special bargains and a multitude of them will be dispensed by Mr. Murphy.

—If into a store you should happen to pop, no matter the place or who keeps the shop, and buy all the goods for which you can pay, ten chances to one you'll not get away without the question being asked in a business way, "Is there anything else you are needing to-day?" We said any store, though we are willing to bet there is nothing in that to cause a regret, and especially so when big bargains attract, as they invariably do, a noteworthy fact, the attention of those who wish to secure the most for their money, always easy and sure at Teitelbaum's store, which in Carrolltown has made a name for itself in the mercantile trade—a name that was won by no other before, and is now only due to the "People's Cheap Store," where goods you can buy, the finest and best, at prices which knock all the socks off the rest.

—May the coming new year bring happiness and contentment to the entire human family; may peace and plenty abound throughout the land, and may all the masculine readers of the FREEMAN, residing within a radius of fifty miles of Altoona, soon find out from personal experience what a good and profitable thing it is to buy their ready-made clothing at the cheap cash store of M. Wolf, 1111 Eleventh avenue, first door east from Bowman & Morrow's big store, corner of Eleventh avenue and Twelfth street, where can be found garments of every desirable style, size and texture that the comfort and adornment of the outer man require at this inclement season of the year, and that too at prices which we are assured by gentlemen who have dealt there are much lower than at any other clothing establishment in Altoona.

—Our venerable and revered friend, Rev. Father Walsh, pastor of St. John's church, Altoona, was made the recipient, on Monday evening last, of a beautiful lace surplice, the handiwork of the good Sisters of Charity of that city and the gift of the young people's sodality connected with said church. The presentation was made by Miss Ella Maher in the presence of the entire society, numbering about two hundred, assembled in the auditorium room in the basement of the church, and was responded to in a most feeling and grateful manner by the worthy recipient. Father Walsh is not only one of the most zealous and beloved priests in the diocese, possessing as he does a masterly mind, a generous heart and a kind word for everybody, but is a writer and thinker of much more than ordinary ability. Such an elegant token of religious fervor and high personal esteem could not have been bestowed on one more deserving of so fitting a tribute.

THE Bellefonte *Watchman* gives this magnificent send-off to "Col. Jim," the one-time commander of what he himself denominated the "Bloody Fifth" regiment, and the doughty warrior who did not hesitate to teach Grant a lesson by calling out the troops to suppress an imaginary rebellion at the national capital during the High Joint Commission times;

Col. Jim Milliken, of Altoona, late commander of the bloody Fifth Regiment, is now doing a commission business in Alexandria, in the land of the Pharaohs. What a pity Colonel Jim didn't live in Egypt at the period when Jacob's envious and mercenary sons sold Joseph to the traveling merchants. Joe would undoubtedly have had a splendid time of it, but, under the Colonel's instructions, we don't believe he would ever have left his coat in the hands of Potiphar's wife.

—You can invariably save money by buying from A. A. Barker & Son, as they always buy the largest stock, and consequently can afford to sell the cheapest. They are now giving ten (10) pounds of nice white sugar for one dollar.

A TRAMP FOILED BY A WOMAN.—In our adverdising columns will be found a card giving notice to the public, as required by law, that an application for the pardon of John Ensley will be made to the Pardon Board at their meeting on the 7th of January next. Ensley was convicted in the Quarter Sessions of this county, at last September term, of larceny, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary. He has a wife and small child, and, as was hinted by Judge Dean when passing sentence, it is owing to this fact that his period of incarceration was made unexpectedly light. Mrs. Ensley seems greatly attached to her husband, and it is through her instrumentality that the effort for a pardon is being pushed. One of her first aims in this direction has been to secure, wherever possible, the names of the jurors who convicted Ensley to her petition, and in this, we understand, she has been quite successful. This labor of love led her through one of the northern townships of the county the other day, and while driving along in a sleigh in a gloomy part of the road she encountered a man who was traveling afoot. His subsequent actions would seem to sustain the assertion that he belonged to the genus tramp, for he made a vigorous effort to seize the bridle of the horse and bring the sleigh to a stand still. Mrs. Ensley however proved equal to the demands of the occasion. With one hand she struck the horse a quick blow with the whip, and with the other drew a pistol from her pocket and without a moment's hesitation fired. The bullet whistled harmlessly through the air, but the tramp imagined that the pistol had been loaded with seventeen hundred slugs and that each one had hit him. He took time to utter one yell of mortal terror before putting himself on the safe side of the neighboring hill, and Mrs. Ensley proceeded on her journey without further interruption.

A STRANGE STORY.—I had been reading yesterday, says a Preston county, W. Va., correspondent of the Bedford *Gazette*, the singularly remarkable case of Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn, as copied into the *Gazette* from the N. Y. *Sun*, to an old gentleman well known in this county and highly esteemed as an intelligent and truthful man, when he related to me the following strange incident of his own life:

"In the spring of 1843" said he, "I was living with my wife, whom I had recently married, about two miles from where we are now sitting, in a small log house, and, as was common in those days, the fastening to the only door was a wooden latch. Some two-and-a half miles south of us lived a married brother of my wife, and between the brother and sister a more than ordinary affection existed. One morning about three o'clock, I was suddenly roused out of a sound sleep by a noise as if some one had forced open the door by thrusting against it with the open palms of their hands. The moon was shining brightly, and as I looked towards the door, which was now wide open, I saw my wife's brother, of whom I have made mention, come hurriedly from thence to the bed where my wife and I were lying. He came so close to me, that I could easily have put out my hand and touched him. 'Daniel, what are you doing here?' I said. Bending his head down close to my face, he replied, '*My wife is dead*,' and, in the same hurried manner in which he approached the bed, he passed out through the open door, and vanished. The whole occurrence had happened so suddenly that I lay for a moment bewildered, and with a mortal fear upon me, I then got up and went to the door, and found that the catch of the latch was split off and was lying on the floor. My movement woke my wife, and I informed her of her brother Daniel's visit, and his sad tidings, and also that he had broken the latch when he came in. During the morning a message came to our house stating that *Daniel's wife had died about three o'clock* that morning. I subsequently learned that she had gone to bed the night before in good health, and, furthermore, *that Daniel was not away from his own house an instant during that night or morning.*

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—The *Catholic World* opens the new year brilliantly. "Rome's Recruits" treats of a subject that has been much before the public of late with sound judgement, humor, and good taste. "Italy and the Pope" throws rather a startling light on the value of the *plebescite* in Italy and the worth of the pledges of the Italian Government. "Two Famous Deans" contrasts in a lively and picturesque manner Dean Swift and Dean Stanley. "Technical Education" is an article of universal interest, and which is sure to commend itself to the attention of all who are concerned about the education of youth, especially the youth of the poorer classes. "Felix Dupanloup" brings the great dead bishop before us living and real as he was in the flesh. "The Year of Our Lord 1878" deals with the events of a most memorable and eventful year in a manner characteristic of the magazine. These form the stronger articles. Those who look for their Christmas pudding will find it, and a very rich and delicious one it is, in "Pearl," which deepens in interest at every chapter, and those two admirable Christmas stories, "Babette" and "Tom French's Christmas at Curraghglass." A second letter "From an Irish Country House," with a poem on the Epiphany and a couple of "Art Sonnets," complete a very charming number.

"LEISURE HOURS" is the name of a new Magazine which has been sent us by the publishers, J. L. Patten & Co., 47 Barclay street, New York. The number before us contains illustrated articles of Travel, Biography, &c., besides stories, sketches and poetry, and is published at the popular price of $1 per year. The illustrations are handsomely gotten up, and the reading matter is of the best quality. The forty pages of this Magazine are filled with matter that will be interesting to all our readers. In order that all may have a chance to see and examine this Magazine, the publishers offer to send it three months for 25 cents, and to present every three months' subscriber with a charming motto, entitled "Faith, Hope and Charity." The words of this motto are printed in fifteen oil colors upon a dark ground and are entwined with floral designs of great beauty. For $2 25, cash in advance, LEISURE HOURS and the FREEMAN will be sent to any address for one year. [2-27.-3t.]

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.—This popular illustrated magazine was never so good and interesting as at the present time. The January number is a remarkable one, having an excellent illustrated article on Australia, its people and habits, animals and soil, which was written by the author of "The Gold-Hunters." There are many excellent stories, poems, engravings, recipes, humorous matters, and all that goes toward making up a first-class magazine at a very low price. Our readers cannot do better than send ten cents for the January (1879) number, and see how much they will like it. Published by Thomes & Talbot, 23 Hawley Street, Boston, at $1.50 a year, post paid, and for sale at all the periodical depots in the country. We will send BALLOU'S in club with the FREEMAN at $3.75 per year, postpaid.

AN ASTONISHING FACT.—A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all Druggists on the Western Continent.

—The Blair county Teachers' Institute is in session in Hollidaysburg this week.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the fund in the hands of John Ryan, Sheriff, arising from the sale of the real estate of Michael Bush, on Fi. Fa. No 101, September Term, 1878 hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, in SATURDAY, the 4th day of JANUARY, 1879, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties may attend if they think proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor,
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.-3t.

Local Correspondence.

LORETTO, Dec. 23, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—The Washington and Lee Debating Society of St. Francis' College, in this place, gave their second entertainment, consisting of music, orations, recitations, select readings, songs and an original drama, written by Mr. R. M. Cullen, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Society, on last Friday evening, and the affair, it is truth to say, was a grand success.

The President, Mr. Thos. Shoemaker, of Braddocks, Pa., delivered the opening and closing addresses, both of which were masterly efforts, the latter especially being a very fine composition. Following the introductory came an essay on "Literature," the preparation and delivery of which reflected much credit on its author, W. J. Digges. Next in order was "The Path of Honor," an oration replete with good counsel and ably presented by its author, R. M. Cullen. "The Curfew shall not Ring To-night," a select reading which followed, was well rendered by Lewis J. Fury, and a Comic Recitation by J. McWilliams elicited great applause, while a Select Reading by Louis Adams and a French Recitation by George D. Pie, were the subjects of much commendation.

The entertainment concluded with an original drama, in which the youthful composer, Mr. Cullen, and Messrs. Digges, Fury and Martin, sustained their respective roles in an admirable manner.

Prominent among the audience were Rev. Fathers Devlin, Sweeny, Bowen, Davin, Kittell and Caldwell.

After the entertainment the members partook of a bountiful repast, during which various toasts were offered and sentiments elicited, the whole concluding with a vote of thanks to the able critic, Bro. De Sales. The Society then adjourned for the Christmas holidays. C.

THE NIGHT BEFORE X-MAS.

(SLIGHTLY BELATED.)

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all the good boys
Were busily thinking of goodies and toys,
And wondering what sort of gifts to expect,
And guessing and guessing if each was correct.
Little Sammy expected a big wooden horse,
And Billy was longing for goodies, of course,
And Jimmy declared that he looked for a sled,
Which would make him so glad that he'd stand on his head.
Elijah expressed a desire for a knife,
And Stephen and Isaac engaged in a strife
As to which of them probably would be most vain
If enriched with a watch and a neat little chain
They were thinking and guessing some minutes or more,
When a pretty loud ringing was heard at the door:
So loud and so strong that it most broke the bell,
And the boys started off for the door with a yell—
A yell of delight and a holiday shout,
And loudly their merry young voices rang out
As they scrambled and hurried, and jostled and ran
To look at the bundles just brought by the man.
"Look here, now!" "What's in there?" "Come, hurry and see!"
"I'm sure in those bundles there's something for me."
"Stop wriggling there, Sammy! What are you about?"
"Let's open the bundles and get the things out."
"Oh! goody! What is it those parcels contain?
What elegant garments!" We "rise to explain:"
That father and mother both thought it was wise
To gladden the hearts and enliven the eyes
Of all these exceedingly merry young boys
With presents of value, far better than toys;
And so they just looked at the stock of Oak Hall,
And purchased for each of the lads, large and small,
A beautiful, tasteful and neat winter suit,
With overcoat, mittens and muffler, to boot.
Now rings through the house the glad echo of joy
From the musical throat of each newly clad boy;
And the full chorus sounds from the family all—
"Hurrah for the presents that came from Oak Hall!

☞ Best Holiday Presents in the World at Wanamaker & Brown's great Oak Hall, 6th and Market streets, Philadelphia. Now is the time to send your orders to Oak Hall for clothing, gents' furnishing goods, etc., and to Wanamaker's Grand Depot, 13th and Market, in the same city, for almost any kind of goods, beautiful and cheap, that ever were dreamed of in the philosophy of man, or woman either. Orders for clothing, etc., from the first named establishment will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to by R. H. Thompson, of the Thompson store, in this place, who has samples of goods in profusion and will take your measure for any kind of a suit, overcoat, or other article of clothing you may need.

Real Estate for Sale

THE panic compels me to sell the following real estate far below its value. Good title guaranteed in all cases

1. The HALF LOT of GROUND and BUILDING in Ebensburg now occupied as the "FREEMAN" printing office.

2. The GILLIN FARM in Blacklick township, containing over 100 ACRES, about 50 Acres of which are cleared, with a good Stone House, Bank Barn and an excellent Orchard of choice fruit on the premises.

3. SIXTY ACRES OF LAND in Montgomery township, Indiana county, nearly all cleared. There is an excellent Frame Dwelling, a new Bank Barn and a fine Orchard on the premises.

4. A TRACT OF 441 ACRES OF LAND within a mile of the Pa. R. R., in Portage township, about 125 Acres of which are cleared, the balance being well timbered and abounding in bituminous coal.

5. A TRACT OF 400 ACRES situated three miles west of Ebensburg; mostly unimproved. Will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers.

6. A FARM containing 125 Acres, situated in Barr township, 75 Acres cleared, having thereon a Frame House, Bank Barn and an excellent Orchard. ☞ This is a very desirable farm in every respect.

7. A LOT OF GROUND in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, fronting on Julian street, with a two story Frame House and a good Stable thereon erected. Now in the occupancy of Gen. W. Oatman, Esq.

8. A FARM in Barr township, containing over 100 ACRES and situated a short distance west of Griffith's saw-mill, on which there is erected a Dwelling House and other improvements, now in the occupancy of Ezediius Levy.

9. A HOUSE and 1¼ LOTS GROUND in West ward of Ebensburg borough, fronting on High street and extending along Mary Ann street 224 feet. The house is a large two story frame and there are also on the premises a good Stable and all needful outbuildings, as well as a number of choice fruit trees.

☞ *Terms will be made very easy to purchasers.*

R. L. JOHNSTON.
Ebensburg, Dec. 27, 1878.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Peter B. Myers vs. John H. Kennedy, William Tiley and J. A. Maher.—In the Common Pleas of Cambria county No. 71, June Term 1878. Pluries Fi. Fa.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of personal property on above stated writ, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, the 23d January, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may appear.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of J. A. MOORE, dec'd

Letters of administration on the estate of J. A. Moore, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.-6t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Theodore Baker, of Susquehanna township, has made an assignment of all his real and personal property to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said Theodore Baker are therefore notified that payment must be made to me forthwith, and those having claims against the same will present them in proper shape for adjustment. JOHN LLOYD, Assignee.
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.-6t.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the first and partial account of Jas. McCloskey, Assignee of Charles Johnston for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas, for confirmation on Tuesday, the 7th January next.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 17, 1878.

NOTICE.—The Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania will be asked to pass an Act supplementary to an Act establishing the Alms House and House of Employment for Cambria county, said supplement having for its object the auditing of the Poor House accounts by the County Auditors in the same manner as other receipts and expenditures of the county are now audited. [12-13 3t.]

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the first and final account of Herman Baumer, Assignee of John Hannan for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas, for confirmation on Tuesday, the 7th January next.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 19, 1878.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Fend. Exps., Alias Vend. Expos., Levari Facias* and *Alias Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

Saturday, January 25th, 1879,

At 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following real estate to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of R. P. Linton and L. H. Linton, executrix of P. L. Linton, dec'd, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the East ward of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on High street on the north, Centre street on the west, adjoining lot of Mrs. Rhey on the south and an alley on the east, having thereon erected a large two story part brick and part frame tavern stand and frame stable, now in the occupancy of T. H. Heist, and a two story frame house, now in the occupancy of Mrs. L. H. Linton. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of James McKay.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John Sharbaugh, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in Summitville borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the Cambria, Indiana and Hunting don turnpike and extending back 200 feet to an alley, on the east by lot of Mrs. Rhey on the south and an alley and lot of Paul McKenna, having thereon erected a two story L plank house, weather-boarded, not now occupied. *Also*, three acres of land, more or less, about one acre cleared, bounded on the east by C. Reich, Paul McKenna on the west, and running back fifty-seven perches to the old Portage railroad, having thereon erected a plank stable. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of P. P. Gustine & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Thomas Mullen, Edw'd Mullen, Margaret Mullen, Frank McCullough, Elizabeth McCullough, Pack Crilly, Ann Jane Crilly, and George Gallagher, of, in and to a piece or pr reel of land situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Silas Donahoe, Geo. Delaney, Frank Hald, and others, containing 198 acres, more or less, about 120 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log barn, now in the occupancy of Edward Mullen, a two story plank house in the occupancy of Thomas Mullen, and a one story plank house in the occupancy of Susan Adams. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Daniel McPeak and Mary McPeak, his wife, formerly Mary Mullen.

ALSO, all the right, title and in erest of Otho Biter, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. Little, Michael Driscoll, John Z. Wills, and others, containing 70 acres, more or less, about 35 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log barn, now in the occupancy of Otho Biter. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A

A FEW ODD FISH.

THEIR CURIOSITIES THAT WALK, SOP, CLIMB.

"Mute as a fish" is not a true proverb all the world over, and fish out of water is not all the world over the same image of gasping helplessness. The perch we know to be a hairy fish; he swims near the surface, leaps into the air for flies, and can be carried without hurt in damp grass from pond to pond. But how shall the European notion of a hardy perch cover the marvelous performances of some of the perches of the East! Aristotle's pupil, Theophrastus, after treating of a fish called Exocaetus, that was in the habit of coming ashore to sleep, proceeded to tell of the small fishes that leave rivers of India to wander like frogs on the land and of others found near Babylon, which when the streams fall, leave their dry beds and wander off in search of food, "moving themselves along by means of their fins and their tails."

Yarrell relates that eels kept in a garden, when the time came at which they should go to the sea to spawn, left their pond, and were invariably found moving eastward, in the direction of the sea. Anglers observe also that fish newly caught, when placed out of sight of water, always struggle toward it in their efforts to escape. In Birby's "Bridgewater Treaties" we read of a migratory fish, called Swampines, numerous in the fresh waters of Carolina, and in ponds liable to become dry in summer. When caught and placed on the ground the Swampines always directed themselves toward the nearest water, though they could not see it. The Doras of Guiana have been caught upon their pilgrimage over dry land in search of water in such numerous companies that negroes have filled baskets with them. Pallegoix tells of three kinds of fish which traverse the damp grass in Siam; and St. John Bowring says that in ascending and descending the river Meiurn to Bankok, he was amused with the sight of fishes which leaving the river, glided over the wet grass, and disappeared among the trees of the jungle.

The fishes who possess this power generally have the pharyngeal bones which are at the back of the mouth about the gullet disposed in a labyrinth of plates and cells, whereby moisture is retained for a long time, to exude slowly and keep the gills damp. The fullest account of the walking fish, as well as of the singing fish, to which we shall pay some attention presently is given by Sir Emerson Tennent, in his work on Ceylon. Upon that excellent work, therefore we draw again for information.

The most famous walker among fishes of Ceylon is a perch, closely related to the climbing perch of zoologists called by the Singhalese, Lavaya. It is about half a foot long, with a round scaly head and strongly toothed edges to its gill covers. Helped by the moist labyrinth in its gullet bones this little fellow boldly leaves his pool, choosing to travel by night or in the early morning while the grass is damp with dew; but sometimes he is to be met with, in case of urgent necessity, traveling even along a hot and dusty road under the midday sun.

In all these traveling fishes, the bony column of spine is said to be remarkably large. They are not, in Ceylon, perch alone. They were club that Mr. Morris, government agent of Trincomalia, saw on the falling of a heavy shower, after the dry season, struggle up through the grass in the rills formed by the trickling of the rain. There was hardly water enough to cover them, nevertheless they made rapid progress up the slope of a knoll that was surmounted by a tank. A pelican had lost no time in taking up her position by the pool, into which fish were swarming, and two bushels of them were collected by the followers of Mr. Morris. The same gentleman tells how, when the tank shrinks into little pools, the fish are to be seen crowding by thousands in the gravelly blue mud, and how, when the drying up advances, and the surface fish are left uncovered, they crawl away in search of water. "In one place," he says, "I saw hundreds diverging in every direction from the tank they had just abandoned, to a distance of fifty or sixty yards, and still traveling onward. In going this distance, however, they must have used muscular exertion sufficient to have taken them half a mile on level ground, for at these places all the cattle and wild animals of the neighborhood had latterly come to drink, so that the surface was every where indented with foot marks, in addition to the cracks in the surrounding baked mud, into which the fish tumbled in their progress. In these holes, which were deep, and the sides perpendicular, they remained to die, and were carried off by kites and crows." They are these fishes, or others very like them, who descend into the wet mud of drying pools, and when it is hard-baked, lie torped until the rains bring a return of water—a strange habit, which we have already described in speaking generally of the animal life of Ceylon. Whether the walking fishes of Ceylon deserve also the name of climbing perch is doubtful. Beyond the uphill work to which we have referred, there is no evidence of their possession of a climbing power, except in the fact that at a Singhalese fishing station, the staked inclosures for the stoppage of fish were found to be covered with netting, and the purpose of this being asked it was answered, "that some of the fish climbed up the sticks and got over."

On the Granes the fish called the climbing perch is remarkable for its tenacity of life. The Ganges boatmen have been known to keep him for five or six days in an earthen pot without water, and, when taking him out for use, they find him as lively and fresh as when caught. Two Danish naturalists, living at Tranquebar, testify that they have seen this fish ascend trees on the coast of Coromandel. Daldorf who was lieutenant in the Danish East India company's service; informed Sir Joseph Banks that in the year 1761 he had taken the fish from a moist hollow in the stem of a Palmyra palm that grew near to a lake. He saw him when already five feet from the ground struggling to get still higher, hanging by his toothed gill-covers bending his tail to the cleft, fixing his tail fin in the cleft of the bark, and then by stretching out the body, urging his way up. Why he went up the tree when there was a whole lake of water at its base he had no voice to tell, and no man has wit to discover. Nevertheless, even a thousand years ago, the compiler of "the travels of two Mohammedians" says that he was told by Suleyman, who visited India in the ninth century, of a fish which, leaving the water, climbed cocoanut palms to drink their sap and then returned into the sea.—*Boston Courier.*

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TRADE MARK. Is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for SEMINAL WEAKNESS, SPERMATORRHŒA, IMPOTENCY, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self Abuse—as

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GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-2?, '72.]

A Pathetic Story of the War.

The Guerilla's Wife, who Became a Sister of Mercy.

One September day, in the fall of 1862, there rode up to the old but comfortable farm-house of Andrew Harris, near Independence, Mo., a band of seventy men, armed to the teeth with shot guns and revolvers. They were all strong and young, and had an unconcerned air of determined bravery. They all sat up well on their horses, were young and hardy looking. A few were but boys, while others had beards and long hair. They were dressed in divers styles—some in red, blue, or checked flannel shirts, others wore coats. All had boots coming up over the pantaloons above the knee, and most with big spurs at the heels. Their horses were magnificent, and well decked off with fine saddles and showy bridles. At the head of the company rode a small man with a pale face, light, short hair, blue eyes, and a slight moustache. It was Quantrell and his men. Who needs to be told who they were, or what they were? Not such robbers, nor frightful-looking people, as some would imagine, but bad enough indeed. They opened the gate of the barn-yard and went in and dismounted, having left a guard for the hill half a mile back. They pulled down the hay, opened the corn-crib, and made themselves at home without saying a word to Andrew Harris, the good old farmer they had come to despoil. But he was not disturbed—he was ready to give them all he had, for he was one of that numerous class who lived in that section that was but too ready to succor anybody whose mission it was to fight the Kansas Jayhawkers. The guerillas then found Mr. Harris a friend, warm and ready to aid them even at the risk of his life. Quantrell was then invited to take dinner at the house with the family, and his officers were invited to come with him. One who went was John McKeene, in courage or stature the peer of any man in the command, and one of the great guerilla chieftain's most trusted counsellors. He had become famous for daring deeds as well as a handsome appearance. He had come from Cass county, and in the breaking out of the war his father and two brothers had been killed by Jennison's men from Kansas. McKeene took an oath that no grass should grow under his feet in pursuit of the murderers of his father and brothers, and he kept his oath with a frightful vengeance.

There was then, instead of fear, enthusiasm at the house of Andrew Harris on the September day that Quantrell came to forage on him. Never were corn, hay and oats, as well as food for the men, given away with a better good will. But Andrew Harris was not alone in his hospitality. His wife had a son with Price, and another buried on the field of Wilson's Creek. She was therefore doing a labor of love. And there was another, the only child left at home, a girl of seventeen years old, who, like many of her sex in that time and country, had wished a hundred times that she were a man, that she might go into the war. Her name, young as she was, had been spoken throughout half a hundred counties. She was known at every Federal post in the State, and the authorities had often threatened to banish or imprison her. As a woman, she was fully as notorious as John McKeene was as a man. They had heard of each other many a time, and had longed to see each other. He had said she was the bravest woman in Missouri, she had said he was the bravest man of all the rough riders of the border. Consequently when they met at her father's table, it was a cordial meeting, and each was more than pleased.

As the sun went down Quantrell and his men rode away, and as they passed along in front of the house, Annie stood at the gate and received a salute from each one.

On the following morning, before the sun had come up, the advance guard of the pursuing Federals came up to the house of Andrew Harris in hot pursuit. They had been told by a dozen friendly citizens of the hospitality extended to Quantrell and his men by the old farmer, and this was offence enough. They called him out, and, after a few unimportant questions, shot him down, then burned the house. In less than an hour they had made a scene of black desolation, and the girl and the mother had sought refuge with a kind-hearted neighbor. It was the way of the times—a characteristic of guerilla warfare, and something that needs no apology now since time has dried up the tears for the buried dead and put out the fires.

The pursuit of Quantrell continued until he was overtaken. There was a close, sharp fight, which resulted in the defeat and disbandment of the guerillas. John McKeene returned to the ruins of the Harris homestead, and learned the whole story. He met Annie Harris, and the two pledged their vows of eternal vengeance. There was more than that. She said she would go with him and deal the blows of death as he did. They went to an humble preacher's house on horseback, and without alighting, had him make them man and wife. She threw away her woman's dress, and donned a male attire. She put on a belt, beside, and two revolvers, and her long hair she tucked up under her hat. She looked as much like a soldier as many a young boy that went out with Quantrell.

The whole land was full of Federal soldiers, and John McKeene and his guerilla wife had to share the dangers and privations of all their kind. Their home was the saddle, their shelter the woods. They were together in more than one ambush attack, and together saw more than one of the hated enemy bite the dust. When the winter came, and the leaves left the trees, they rode away to the South, and waited there until the leaves were again as big as the ears of the squirrels, when they returned to their constant battle ground. On a June morning, 1863, as they, with half a dozen others, were riding along over the prairie, near where now stands the little town of Lee's Summit, they were met by a detachment of the Seventh Missouri State Militia. There was a desperate encounter, in which John McKeene was shot dead, and Annie McKeene was shot through the shoulder. The others of the guerillas escaped. When the Federals came up to where McKeene and his wife were lying, one of the soldiers leveled his revolver at the head of the woman in disguise, but before the trigger was pulled she threw off her hat, snatched her long hair down, and sat up before him with the face of a woman. The revolver was put up, and the mystery solved. She told these all she had lived for was gone, but that she was not ready to die herself. She begged them to give her companion the best burial they could, and said she wanted to go to Kansas City. There was a tone of voice and a style of earnestness about what she said, that touched the hearts of the rough soldiers, and they buried John McKeene out on the broad prairie; but there was not a stone nor a piece of wood within a half dozen miles of the place, and nothing was left to mark the place of the grave. But it was such a burial as many a poor man did not have in those days.

Annie McKeene was taken to Kansas City, where she recovered under the blessed care of some Sisters of Mercy. She went to Memphis, Tenn., and there joined the Catholic Church, and resolved to devote her life to the care of the sick and distressed. She became a Sister of Mercy, went to the front of the army, and during the remainder of the war was unremitting in her work of love and mercy. After the coming of peace she went to New Orleans, and became attached to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. In devotion to her mission there was not one who surpassed her in earnestness. She was always ready to bear the heaviest burden, and manifested the fortitude in a good work that she had in a reckless guerilla warfare as the wife of John McKeene.

She bore the secret of her life well. It was a memory that had grown sacred by her expiation, and around it was the sweet incense of a thousand prayers that had gone up out of a soul of tears.

When the late epidemic came on, she was among the foremost to go to the bedside of the stricken and the dying. She watched by day and by night—as faithful a nurse as ever saw the spark of life go out. Not only with her hands did she aid the suffering, but in word as well did she give strength to many a poor heart. Thus she labored, and thus she fulfilled the sacred vow of her life till the Father of Mercy claimed the Sister of Mercy as His own. Annie McKeene, of 1863, was the Sister Celeste whose death occurred in New Orleans on the 18th of September last.—*St. Louis Post.*

A TREMENDOUS FIGHT
AMONG THE
CLOTHING MEN
Of Johnstown!
L. M. WOOLF
CARRIES THE BELT!

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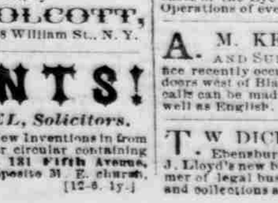
Muslins, 5c. ₱ yd. and upw'd.
Flannels at 20c. ₱ yd. and up.
White Canton Flannel at 6c. ₱ yd. and upward,
Brown Canton Flannel at 7c.

GREAT "BAR"-



GAINS FOR ALL!

Men's Boots at $2 and upw'd.
Boys' Boots at 75 cts. and up.
500 Pairs Women's and Misses' Shoes.
Women's Shoes, $1 10 and up.
Children's Shoes, 25c. and up.
Men's Hats at 50c. and upw'd.
Boys' Hats at 40c. and upw'd.
Men's Caps at 40c. and upw'd.
Boys' Caps at 20c. and upw'd.
An elegant assortment of Ladies' Hats at 75c. and up.
AND
ALL OTHER GOODS
AT PRICES EQUALLY LOW.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS AT CASH PRICES.
DON'T FORGET
The People's Cheap Variety Store,
KEPT BY M. J. TEITELBAUM, LORETTO, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,
ALWAYS HAVE THE
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
TO BE FOUND IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.
☞ Don't Forget the Street and Numbers.

Essential Oils.
WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMINT, PENNYROYAL, SPEARMINT, &c.,
of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free of bokerage, commission, storage, etc., by
DODGE & OLCOTT,
Importers and Exporters, 88 William St., N. Y.

PATENTS!
LEVIS & BICKEL, Solicitors.
PATENTS procured on New Inventions in from 15 to 31 days. Send for circular containing useful information. Office, 131 Fifth Avenue, above Smithfield street, opposite M. E. church, Pittsburgh, Pa. [12-6. 1y.]

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls can be made. Consultations in German as well as English. [6-5,'77. tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf

The Preservation of Harness.

Though the harness is an article of every-day use there are few who know how to care for it so as to insure its durability, and to keep it looking clean and neat. A harness that has been upon a horse's back several hours in hot or rainy weather becomes wet, and if not properly cleaned, the damage to the leather is irreparable. If, after being taken from the horse in this condition, it is hung up in a careless manner, traces and reins twisted into knots, the saddle and bridles hung askew, the leather when dried retains the shape given it while wet, and when forced to its original form damage is done the stitching and the leather. Those who use harness are not altogether in fault for this; they would take care of it if they knew the extent of damage that would result from their carelessness and that they do not is the fault of the manufacturer. It is a mistaken policy that leads the manufacturer of any line of goods to neglect giving needed information to the buyer. Every harness manufacturer would study his own interests by accompanying each harness sold with printed rules for preserving the same.

The first point to be observed is to keep the leather soft and pliable; this can be done only by keeping it well charged with oil and grease; water is a destroyer of these, but mud and the saline moisture from the animal are even more destructive. Mud, in drying, absorbs the grease and opens the pores of the leather, making it a ready prey to water, while the salty character of the perspiration from the animal injures the leather, stitching and mounting. It therefore follows that to preserve a harness the straps should be washed and oiled whenever it has been moistened by sweat or soiled by mud. To do this effectually the straps should all be unbuckled and detached, then washed with a little water and crown soap, then coated with a mixture of neatsfoot oil and tallow and be allowed to remain undisturbed until the water has dried out; then thoroughly rubbed with a woolen rag; the rubbing is important, as it, in addition to removing the surplus oil and grease, tends to close the pores and gives a finish to the leather. In hanging harnesses care should be taken to allow all straps to hang their full length; bridles, pads, gig saddles and collars should be hung upon forms of the shape of each. Light is essential in the care of leather, and when the harness closet is dark the door should be left open at least half of the time during each day. All closets should be ventilated, and when possible they should be well lighted. To clean plated mountings use a chamois with a little tripoli or rotten stone, but they should be scoured as little as possible. Rubber covered goods are cleaned in the same way. Leather covered needs to be well brushed and rubbed with a woolen rag.

If a harness is thoroughly cleaned twice a year, and when unduly exposed treated as we have recommended, the leather will retain its strength and softness for many years.—*Harness Journal.*

ANCIENT WONDERS.—Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty six miles around, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast.

Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred bragen gates.

The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof, and it was one hundred years in building.

The largest of the pyramids was four hundred and eighty-one feet in height and eight hundred and fifty-three on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and layers six two hundred and eight. It employed 850,000 men in building.

The labyrinth of Egypt contained three hundred chambers and twelve halls.

Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles around, and contained 350,000 citizens and 410,000 slaves.

The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls were thirteen miles around.

THE latest idea in horseshoes is that the shoe may be fastened to the hoof without the use of nails. It is of the common form, but without side and front ears, and instead of nail holes is provided with screw or rivet holes, by which it is attached to a jointed plate of shoe form and provided with thin side and front ears very much like those of a common shoe. These ears stand inward so as to fit the hoof, and one of the ears being upon the jointed part of the plate and the latter, with the actual shoe fastened on, can be slipped on to the hoof. The joined part of the thin shoe is then held in position by means of a set screw passed into the rear of the actual shoe.

THE WHISTLING TREE.—Did you ever hear of a whistling tree? It is found in Africa, and is a strange looking object, with branches white as chalk. It has long thorns, the insect of which is the favorite home of every tiny insect. When this creature creeps out into the world, he of course leaves the door open behind him—that is to say, the small hole through which he crawled. Now the wind, blowing through the tree when the leaves are off makes a musical noise in these hollow thorns, so that it sometimes sounds like thousands of flutes playing at once. The natives call it the whistling tree.—*Nicholas.*